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SWIFTIANA.

VOL. I.

"Hated by fools, and fools to hate,
"Be this my motto, and my fate."

From the Bust in St. Patricks Cathedral, Dublin.

Printed for RICHARD PHILLIPS, 71, St. Pauls Church Yard.
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PREFACE.

COLLECTIONS of the memorable sayings, and occurrences attending persons of learning and wit, have been long recognized in the learned world, under the title of ANA: and from the amusement and information they afford, it has often been lamented that, while they form a leading feature in the history of continental literature, they have been almost entirely neglected, and are nearly unknown in England.

Wolfius, in his preface to the *Casauboniana*, (Hamburg, 1710) has given a very accurate and amusing history of these productions. He observes, that though the title be new, the thing itself is very old; it being the practice among the Greeks and Romans, from the earliest period, to collect the acute, critical, and lively remarks of learned and illustrious men.

Among the Greeks, we are indebted to the scholars of Pythagoras, for those verses

which convey to us the great principles of his moral system; and to Zenophon and Plato, who were pupils of Socrates, we owe the preservation of those maxims which he enforced, as well by his own conduct in life as his speech. Perhaps to the same cause we may attribute many of the admirable sentences of Euripides, who was also a pupil to this great man. Thus Zenophon's books of the deeds and sayings of Socrates, as well as the dialogues of Plato, are in fact *Socratiana*. The apophthegms of the philosophers collected by Diogenes Laertius, the sentences of Pythagoras, those of Epictetus, and the works of Athenæus, Stobæus, are all so many Anas: and, under the sanction of the name of Hierocles Alexandrinus, we find a little book, entitled, *Facetiæ de priscorum studiosorum dictis et factis ridiculis*. Even the *Gemara* of the Jews properly belongs to this class; to which may likewise be referred the *Orphica*, *Æsopica*, *Pyrrhonea*, and many others.

It appears that both Quintilian and Cicero highly

highly approved of such works, although the latter, with much reason, complains that in three volumes which had been published (entitled, *Joci Ciceronis*), many things were attributed to him which he never said; and he laments his disappointment in having hoped that the conversation of any other person could not possibly have been taken for his. The *Noctes Atticæ* of Aulus Gellius immediately belong to this class. They consist of collections from his conversations with Herodius Atticus, Favorinus, Taurus, Marcus Frontus, and many other illustrious persons who then flourished at Athens and Rome: and the writings of Plutarch and Pliny abound with the results of similar intercourse with the learned men of their time.

The learned editor of the *Menagiana* (Paris, 1094) observes, that *Anas* are known in every country where there are books or learned men. The Spaniards have the Bon Mots of the Duke d'Ossonne, and several others. The Italians have also many books

under the heads of *Faceti*, *Motti*, *Burle*, &c. The Turks possess works of this species under the titles of *Narr-eddin Hogia*, *Bassiri*, and of *Sadi*. The Persians and Arabs have collected the lively and moral observations of several of their princes and learned men; and the libraries of the Mahometans abound with similar productions.

At Basle, in 1568, appeared *Locorum communium Collectanea ex Lectionibus Philippi Melancthonis, in ordinem redacta Joh. Manlio*; two years previous to which, the *Colloquia Mensalia* of Luther had been published. The latter has passed through many editions in different languages, with the elucidations and remarks of several of the learned critics of the time; and sometimes, it must be admitted, to the detriment of the fame of this learned reformer, which was ably vindicated by the learned Dr. Francis Mayer, in a tract, entitled *Bellorum Domini*.

The next publication in this class, and the first which assumed the title of *Ana*, was the *Scaligerana*. The collector was Francis

Francis Vertunien, a physician, and intimate friend of Scaliger, who had made a practice of committing to paper the substance of the conversations and remarks of his learned acquaintance; but upon his death, the task of completing the work for publication devolved upon Francis Sigogne, a lawyer at Poictiers, who also died previous to its appearance. It was, however, published at Saumur in 1669, under the title of *Prima Scaligerana*, in order to distinguish it from a work which had appeared in 1666, also entitled, *Scaligerana*; but of a much later date than the former, and was, in consequence, afterwards called *Secunda Scaligerana*. The editors of this latter production were John and Nicholas de Vassan, who had been sent to finish their education at Leyden, where Scaliger was then Professor of Belles Lettres. Letters of recommendation from Casaubon procured their introduction into Scaliger's house, who conversed freely with them at his leisure hours, upon every subject in the wide range of literature with which he was conversant, the heads of which they

carefully noted down. The manuscript passed through several hands, until it was accidentally seen by the learned Isaac Vossius, who caused it to be printed at the Hague in 1666, though the title page is dated Geneva. This edition was extremely inaccurate; but at length a correct one was published in 1740 by M. des Maizeaux, enriched with the notes of many learned men, who had been in the habit of making their remarks on the former edition.

The *Scaligerana* were followed by the *Perroniana*, *Thuana*, *Colomesiana*; and, in 1689, appeared in England the *Table Talk of Mr. Selden.* This is the first English work which comes distinctly under the class of *Ana. Lord Bacon's Apophthegms* had, indeed, appeared long before; but they do not fall so correctly under this head as Mr. Selden's, whose conversation was characterized by a familiar, pleasant, and simple style, interspersed with a strong vein of irony; and who is frequently jocose, even at that period, upon ecclesiastical and political affairs. From 1689 to 1710, Wolfius enumerates

enumerates no fewer than *seventeen foreign Anas*; and from the avidity with which they have been received by the learned world, the number has since been considerably increased.

The approbation which has been deservedly given to the WALPOLIANA, excited a hope in England that equal attention would be paid to the culture of this species of literature in this country.

Respecting the present work, a SWIFTIANA, it must be lamented that some cotemporary friend of Dean Swift's had not committed to paper the various ingenious and valuable observations which must have fallen in the course of his conversation from a man who truly had, as Cardinal Polignac expresses, *l'esprit createur*. His knowledge of the world was great, and he was eminently distinguished for acuteness, discrimination, and vigour of thought.

Such friends as Dr. Sheridan and Dr. Delany might have conveyed in full force all his peculiarities of expression, his boldness of sentiment, and his happy vein of the *vis*

comica. His letters, however, contain so much of what was passing in his mind, that they may now be regarded not only as the copious and authentic sources of anecdote relating to himself, and his literary and political friends, but also as exhibiting his private sentiments upon every subject.

In addition to the information derived from these, and from a multitude of printed works, many of them scarce and valuable, the editor has been indebted to many gentlemen, (particularly to MR. THEOPHILUS SWIFT), who have kindly furnished him with traditional anecdotes, and with much original information. With his various materials, it was scarcely possible to make a book which should not possess considerable interest; and he hopes it will prove worthy of the name of the great man on whose talents it is founded.

London,
November, 1803.

SKETCH

OF THE

LIFE

OF

DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

DR. JONATHAN SWIFT was descended from the younger branch of an ancient family in Yorkshire, of considerable rank and property. His grandfather, the Rev. Thomas Swift, was vicar of Goodrich, in Herefordshire, and was not more highly distinguished for his courage and attachment to Charles the First, than for the great sufferings he endured in support of the royal cause; his house being plundered two-and-

fifty times, and five times set on fire by the Parliament forces; his wife and thirteen children being at the same time exposed to every species of barbarity and distress. Thus ruined in property and expectations, five of the sons went in search of fortune to Ireland, the fourth of whom, Jonathan, was father to the subject of the present memoir.

Dr. Jonathan Swift, the celebrated Dean of St. Patrick's, was born in Hoey's-court, Dublin, on the 30th November 1667, his father being then dead about seven months. His mother was Miss Abigail Erick, descended from a very ancient family of that name in Leicestershire; but bringing her husband little or no fortune, and his death happening before he could make any provision for his family, she was left in very indifferent circumstances; the consequences of which, Jonathan, their only son, was often heard to declare he felt not only during the whole course of his education, but for the greatest part of his life.

When

When Jonathan was but a year old, his nurse, without the knowledge of his mother or relations, carried him to Whitehaven, of which town she was a native. He remained there almost three years, during which time the nurse was so attentive to him, that before he returned he had learnt to spell, and by the time that he was three years old, he could read any chapter in the Bible. At the age of six he was sent to the school of Kilkenny, from whence, in April 1682, being then between fourteen and fifteen years of age, he was removed to the University of Dublin. The expence of his education was defrayed by his uncle, Mr. Godwin Swift, the eldest of the brothers who had settled in Ireland. Mr. Swift was a lawyer of considerable eminence, and Attorney-general of the palatinate of Tipperary; but, being of a speculative disposition, squandered away his property in idle projects; by which means he was involved in considerable difficulties at the time his nephew entered the College. This circumstance, added to his

his being the father of a numerous family, compelled him to reduce the allowance to his nephew as low as possible, who was consequently obliged to struggle under the depression of a very confined stipend for seven years, having no allowance from his other relations, who did not think their aid necessary, his uncle Godwin being still esteemed much the richest of the family. Although it is highly probable that the parsimonious allowance of Mr. Godwin Swift was not voluntary, but dictated by necessity, it is certain that Jonathan never loved, or could bear the mention of, his uncle; nor did he ever exert the smallest influence for any of his posterity: so early in life was the fine feeling of gratitude benumbed in his bosom by the emptiness of his pocket.

The uneasiness under which Swift laboured during his residence at College, seems to have depressed his spirits, and given him a total inaptitude to serious study, having, according to his own declaration, chiefly passed his time in reading books of history and

and poetry, which might banish all reflection upon his forlorn situation, instead of Burgersdicius, and other old treatises on logic; a branch of learning then in high estimation, and held essentially necessary for taking a degree. All the entreaties of his tutor could not alter his resolution; to which he so pertinaciously adhered, that, on applying for his bachelor's degree, after a residence of four years in the University, he was so ill prepared in this branch of science, as to be rejected: a mortification which, to his temper and his circumstances, must have been serious indeed. On his second application he had nearly shared the same fate, had not the interest of some friends, who knew the inflexibility of his temper, obtained the degree for him, though in a manner little to his credit, the words *speciali gratiâ* being inserted in the College registry.

The three following years Swift passed at College, little known and less regarded, pursuing his course of reading in history and

and poetry. Yet, under the depression of such circumstances, the force of his genius appeared in a rude sketch of the Tale of a Tub, which he communicated to no one but his friend Mr. Waryng, who, after its publication, declared he had read a rough draught of it, about this period.

The death of Mr. Godwin Swift in the year 1688, and the consequent discovery of the embarrassed state of his affairs, deprived Jonathan of his narrow stipend. His uncle William, however, continued the allowance, in a manner which gained his nephew's gratitude, who always spoke of him as the best of his relations. Swift's income was still, however, nothing more than was absolutely necessary for his support, and his situation was consequently not at all improved during the remainder of his residence at College, with the exception of a handsome present, which he received from his cousin Willoughby Swift, who had settled as a merchant at Lisbon.

Thus did Swift pass his early years in the want

want of money, want of learning, and want of friends. His studies were not of that useful kind which is necessary to advance a young man in the world; his seclusion at College had rendered him little known; and a temper, naturally splenetic, soured by the misery of his situation, did not qualify him for making personal friends. From such early sources may be traced that habit of repining and complaint which increased to so great an extent, and which embittered his latter years. Swift's genius was indeed, from its very dawn, the solemn inspiration of discontent.

The breaking out of the war in Ireland in 1688, determined Swift, then in his twenty-first year, to leave that kingdom, and to visit his mother at Leicester, in order to consult with her, upon what future plan of life he had better resolve to pursue. Mrs. Swift, without hesitation, advised him to communicate his situation to Sir William Temple, who had married a relation of hers, and with whom a cousin of Swift's then resided.

resided. This advice Swift resolved immediately to pursue, and he accordingly set off on foot (his usual mode of travelling at an early period of life) for Sheen, where Sir William Temple then resided. Sir William received him with great kindness, and Swift's first visit continued nearly two years.

Sir William Temple, during the most eventful period of English history, had been educated in the school of diplomacy. He was, at the same time, the fine scholar and the Statesman; and, in a long discharge of public duty, maintained, with exemplary firmness and ability, the interests, not only of his own country, but of Europe. Having been ambassador and mediator of the general peace at Nimeguen, previous to the revolution, he had become known to the Prince of Orange, who, after his accession to the throne of England, frequently visited him at Sheen, to receive the benefit of his advice and experience. Sir William being much afflicted with the gout, Swift used frequently

to

to attend his Majesty in his walks about the gardens, which were laid out with peculiar taste; and the King, on one occasion, treated his attendant with so much familiarity as to shew him the Dutch manner of cutting asparagus, and even offered him a troop of horse.

Sir William Temple is distinguished among English authors for the classical purity of his language; and to him perhaps may, in a great measure, be attributed the correctness of Swift's style. Indeed, during his residence with this illustrious man, Swift seems principally to have laid the foundation of his future greatness. His political information must also have been greatly increased from the conversation of Sir William Temple, who was intimately acquainted with all the revolutions of party, and secrets of state, during the reigns of King Charles the Second and King James; and he seems at this time to have first adopted that digested system of study so necessary to give effect to his former irregular reading, and to direct

his incessantly active mind to some practical object.

About the year 1693, Swift was attacked with the return of a disorder which he had contracted at a very early period, by eating an improper quantity of fruit, and his complaint was so violent that he took a journey to Ireland, by advice of his physicians, to try the benefit of his native air; but, receiving little advantage from the change, he returned to Sir William Temple's (who had then removed to Moor Park, near Farnham), being ever afterwards afflicted with that giddiness, which gradually increased, until it terminated in total debility of body and mind. As an antidote against this complaint, Swift was recommended to use very violent exercise, which he daily practised at Moor Park, by running up a hill near the house and back again, every two hours, the distance being about half a mile, which he used to perform in about six minutes.

About a year after Swift's return from Ireland,

Ireland, he seems to have resolved upon an ecclesiastical life; most probably under the confidence that the interest of Sir William Temple, and his own slight acquaintance with the King, would ensure him some preferment. He accordingly procured the necessary certificate of having taken his batchelor's degree; and, on the 14th of June, 1692, he was admitted at Oxford, *ad eundem*, and on the 5th of the following July took his master's degree. On leaving Oxford he returned to Moor Park, where he assisted Sir William Temple in the revision of his works, and corrected and improved his rough draught of the Tale of a Tub. But Swift's restless, suspicious temper now began to display itself: feeling his own powers, and panting for independence, he concluded from Sir William Temple's not immediately providing for him, that he never intended it, and, in the year 1694, a quarrel ensued, and they parted.

During all this period, Swift's attention in visiting his mother, who resided at Lei-

cester, was as exemplary, as his mode of travelling was extraordinary. He journied on foot, excepting when the weather compelled him to take shelter in a waggon: he dined in hedge-alehouses with pedlars and hostlers; and slept where lodgings were let for a penny; but never failed to bribe the maid for a single bed and clean sheets. In this manner he went down to Leicester, after his quarrel with Sir William Temple, where he remained, until a recommendation to Lord Capel, then Lord Deputy in Ireland, procured him the prebend of Kilroot, in the diocese of Connor, worth about one hundred pounds a year.

Swift had not enjoyed this his first preferment many months, when Sir William Temple, who had been too long accustomed to his conversation not to feel his absence a serious deprivation in his declining state, prevailed upon him to resign his prebend to a friend, and return to Moor Park. Swift's compliance pleased Sir William so much, that, for the remaining four years of his life,

life, the utmost harmony subsisted between them. Swift vindicated his patron from the harsh reflections which had been heaped upon him, in the celebrated controversy on Ancient and Modern Learning, by the *Battle of the Books*; and Sir William at his death left him a legacy, and entrusted to him the publication of his posthumous works. Swift lost no time in discharging this duty; and, to enforce his petition to King William for the first vacant prebend of London or Westminster, which had been promised him, he dedicated the posthumous works to his Majesty. The promise was, however, forgotten, and the dedication unnoticed; in consequence of which Swift relinquished attendance at Court, with disappointment and disgust; and this failure probably increased the natural gloominess and austerity of his character.

Swift, during his attendance at Court, had formed a pretty extensive acquaintance with the great, and upon the Earl of Berkeley being appointed one of the Lords Justices of

Ireland, he was invited by his Lordship to accompany him as chaplain and private secretary; an offer which he readily accepted. Disappointment, however, again attended him; for, after acting as secretary during the whole journey, one Bush found means to convince Lord Berkeley that a clergyman could not, with propriety, fill that post. Swift was in consequence civilly removed, and Bush succeeded him.

Swift was, not long after, doomed to meet a more serious mortification. Lord Berkeley, upon taking away his office of secretary, had promised him the first preferment which should happen to be in his gift; and upon the deanery of Derry becoming vacant, Swift claimed the performance of his Lordship's promise. A handsome bribe, however, to Mr. Secretary Bush, and the interference of archbishop King, who insisted that Swift was too young, although he was then upwards of thirty years of age, procured the appointment for Dr. Bolton; and Swift was obliged to content himself with

with the livings of Laracor and Rathbeggin, and the rectory of Augher, in the diocese of Meath, which had been held by Dr. Bolton, and were not of one half the value of the deanery. To these livings Swift received institution on the 22d March 1699, and on the 23d of September 1700, he was appointed prebendary of Dunlavan, in the chapter of St. Patrick, being the only preferment he enjoyed until his appointment to the deanery of St. Patrick's.

At Laracor Swift immediately fixed his residence, and there he passed the most tranquil, and probably the happiest part of his life. He nearly rebuilt the house, repaired the church, which was in a very ruinous state, laid out the garden, dug the canals, and planted the willows,* of which

* The house of Laracor is now in ruins. Nothing but the foundations remain. Of the garden, there is hardly a trace. The canals are without their willows, and might be mistaken for ditches. The church is in good repair; but it has been rendered, by various alterations, very different from what it was in the time of Swift.

he speaks so frequently in his journal. Perhaps no spot in the whole kingdom could possess greater inducements for Swift to fix his principal residence at than Laracor. The neighbourhood was principally inhabited by protestant families of English origin, who had been settled there since the time of Queen Elizabeth; and the diocese of Meath has been generally called the Literary See of Ireland. To Laracor, Swift always looked as a place of retreat, during his connection with Lord Oxford's administration, the ruin of which he long foresaw, and there he hoped to escape the fury of the storm.

Swift was received with great attention and respect on his first visit to his livings, and was not a little flattered by the constant attendance of all the neighbouring families at church on every Sunday that he preached: and so predominant was his anxiety to discharge his religious duty with the most scrupulous attention, that he made a point of reading public prayers on every Wednesday and Friday; a labour which he voluntarily

tarily imposed upon himself; and used frequently to declare, that he hoped by labour and application so far to excel, that the sexton might sometimes be asked on a Sunday morning, "Pray does the Doctor preach to-day."

He appears at length to have become weary of this constant and strict discharge of his duty. Mrs. Johnson (the afterwards celebrated Stella) arrived in Ireland about this time; she was the daughter of Sir William Temple's steward, with some independence, and with the finest accomplishments. She became first his neighbour, then his pupil, and, it is believed, at length his wife; though it is not known that he ever saw or conversed with her but in the presence of some third person. During his absence from Stella he continued his curious Journal, in which he opened to her the inmost recesses of his heart. It is probable the cynical Swift was never a lover; and that even at this time, a greater passion than

love

love tyrannised over his breast; that passion was ambition.

Urged by this restless spirit, he paid annual visits to England. He dipped his pen in politics, and, in 1701, published his able "Discourse on the Contests and Dissensions in Athens and Rome;" written with great knowledge of the English Constitution, and skilfully applied to the then state of parties.

On the accession of Queen Anne, Swift revived his baffled hopes of a settlement in England; but was again disappointed by being promoted to a deanery in Ireland. In 1710 began his acquaintance with Lord Oxford (then Mr. Harley), and he was soon caressed by the rest of the Ministry, and particularly by the celebrated Bolingbroke, who no doubt was attached to him by the congeniality of great talents. It cannot, however, be doubted that Swift gradually felt his own importance, and the value of his ready pen, in their service; in time he affected to dictate to his employers; they allowed

allowed him to enjoy his ideal sovereignty, that they might squeeze the orange at their will; he was afterwards duped, and found that it was his fate to be only the dried peel. Hence all his lamentations, and his bitterness of mind; hence that emphatic complaint he utters in one of his letters, that "he dies like a poisoned rat in his hole!" a memorable instance of the self-complacency of genius, and the gratitude of Ministers!

In 1713, he arrived at the deanery of St. Patrick, where he found the rage of party so prevalent, that the common people considered him as a Jacobite, and threw stones at him as he walked. To organise his reverend brethren of the chapter into some system, and to calm that Irish rabble who detested, and not long afterwards adored him, was, to his genius and humour, neither a tedious nor laborious task; for when he returned to London in the next year, he left behind him a name equally beloved and venerated.

In

In 1714, he found his great friends divided among themselves; his presence was necessary to the existence of his party, and having reconciled them more than once, and always in vain, Swift at length retired in disgust to a friend's house in Berkshire. With the Queen's death closed all his noble designs of public benefit, and future prospects. He exiled himself to his deanery in Ireland, where he continued many years.

We find him, till 1720, employed in literary studies, generally in little pieces of humour, if we except the Travels of Gulliver. His attendance on the public service of the church was regular, and he did not in the least meddle with public affairs. During this interval, the unfortunate Vanessa had become acquainted with him in London, and, with a romantic cast of character, felt a violent affection for poetry, and necessarily for the Poet. Swift refused her offer of marriage. She followed him into Ireland, and his life was embittered with the mutual jealousies of Stella and Vanessa. The

The latter, who, it is conjectured, was at length informed of his secret marriage with Stella, did not survive many weeks the fatal communication; and in a frenzy of despair and disgust, cancelled a will she had made in his favour. Poor Stella was not less unfortunate. On her death-bed she adjured him to let her have the satisfaction of dying his wife. He heard her entreaty in the sternest silence; he quitted her death-bed without ever returning to it; and the dying wife summoned her last resolution, in her last agonies, to bequeath her fortune, by her own name, to charitable uses. Such a mysterious lover was Swift! Yet he regretted the loss of Stella with the keenest sensibility; and most certainly, by his peculiarity of conduct, shortened her days.

It was in 1720, that he re-assumed the character of a political writer, and published his first political tract relative to Ireland, entitled, "A Proposal for the universal Use of Irish Manufactures." His patriotism

patriotism now was as generally acknowledged as his wit; and his person was regarded with pleasure by the common people.

But it was in 1724, that the publication of the celebrated Drapier's Letters united all ranks and professions in his applause. One William Wood, an obscure man, projected a coinage of 180,000l. of half-pence, and obtained a patent. In the character of a Draper, Swift addressed a series of letters to the people, urging them not to receive this base coin. Wood, though supported by the British Minister, was compelled to withdraw his patent, and suppress his coinage. Swift became the idol of Dublin; every where received with acclamations, while his health was daily toasted in Irish bumpers.

In 1726 appeared Gulliver's Travels, and, without communicating the work to his friends, he enjoyed for some time a silent triumph. When he returned to Dublin, he was welcomed on shore by a grateful multitude, and "long live the Drapier" resounded

to

to the ringing of bells, and the illumination of bonfires—perhaps it was the proudest day of his life; the only one in which his politics had not disappointed him.

In occasional visits to London he spent some of his years; but after the death of Stella in 1727, he became very retired, and with a temper ill adapted to bear with the tranquillity of solitude. He wasted his talents in literary trifles, which would have disgraced a magazine, as magazines were then conducted; and became morose, cynical, and capricious, in his domestic habits. In 1736 he lost his memory, and the faculties of his imagination and intellects gradually decayed; and from 1739 to 1744, his passions were so violent and disordered, that strangers were not allowed to visit him. He exhibited a melancholy picture of Genius preying on itself; and dotage, and sometimes madness, then took possession of the brightest faculties, and the clearest understanding, that ever adorned man.

He

He died in October 1745, and left his whole fortune, about 12,000l. some few legacies excepted, to the building of an hospital for idiots and lunatics; and, it is presumed, not without a caustic allusion to his Irish friends.

SWIFTIANA.

I. SWIFT'S JOURNEY TO LARACOR.

Swift's temper had been so soured by the repeated disappointments he had met with, that, although the two livings of Laracor and Rathbeggin, in the diocese of Meath, were much inferior in value to what he had been promised, he received them with satisfaction, however unwilling he might be to own it, being the first secure, though trifling provision he had been able to obtain. Swift determined to perform his journey to Laracor on foot, a mode of travelling very customary with him. It was the first tour he had ever made in Ireland, a country of which he had formed the most

 contemptible

contemptible opinion, and not a very good one of the inhabitants. He accordingly prepared himself as if he had to penetrate into the country of the Houyhnhnms; but with a determination to be a little better provided than his own Gulliver. A decent suit of black clothes, with strong worsted stockings, of which he carried a second pair, and a shirt in his pocket, a large grey surtout, a round slouched hat, with a pole considerably longer than himself, which he had probably procured from some country haymaker, formed the whole travelling accoutrements of the afterwards celebrated Dean of St. Patrick's.

After his arrival, he wrote the following characteristic and humorous description of the towns through which he passed:

Dublin, a city, *Dunshaughlin** for a plow,
Navan † for a market, *Ardbracken*‡ for a cow,
Kells § for an old town, *Virginia* || poor,
Cavan ¶ for dirt, and *Belturbet*** for a whore.

---

* *Dunshauglin* is 13 miles north-west from Dublin, situated in *a rich arable soil.*

† *Navan*

II. HIS RESIDENCE THERE.

Swift, though discontented at the commencement of his residence at Laracor, was, in some respects, agreeably disappointed. Indeed, his correspondence shews, that the attachment he formed to his *willows* never ceased at any period of his life. Ever since

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† *Navan* is 22½ miles north-west of Dublin, famous for its corn market.

‡ *Ardbracken* is surrounded with fine grazing land. The episcopal palace of the Bishop of Meath is situated here.

§ *Kells* or *Kenlis*, 31 miles north-west of Dublin. A provincial council was held in this town in the *fifth century*, where the Pope's legate presided.

‖ *Virginia*, a poor village, 46 miles north-west of Dublin. In the parish church of this village, the celebrated comic actress, then only known by the name of Peg *Woffington*, read her recantation to the Rev. Mr. Sterling.

¶ *Cavan* is the chief town of the county, seated in a hollow, and extremely dirty in wet weather.

** *Belturbet*. A barrack for a troop of horse is erected here, which is always filled with soldiers' trulls.

the time of Elizabeth, that village and neighbourhood has been inhabited by English families of considerable respectability, who then settled there. It is well known how much Swift at this time courted the reputation of a preacher; and his wish, that the sexton might sometimes be asked on a Sunday morning, "*does the Doctor preach to-day?*" was amply gratified by his parishioners, who never failed on the Sunday, with their families and servants, to attend divine service, when the Doctor officiated.

III. ROGER COX.

What perhaps contributed more than any thing to Swift's enjoyment at Laracor, and is said to have often actually prolonged his stay there, was the constant fund of amusement he found in the facetious humour and oddity of the parish clerk, ROGER COX.—Roger was originally a hatter in the town of Cavan, but, being of a lively jovial temper, and fonder of setting the fire-side of a village alehouse in a roar, over a tankard of ale,

ale, or a bowl of whiskey, with his flashes of merriment and jibes of humour, than pursuing the dull routine of business to which fate had fixed him, wisely forsook it for the honourable function of a parish clerk, which he considered as an office appertaining in somewise to ecclesiastical dignity; since by wearing a band, no small part of the ornament of our clergy, he thought he might not unworthily be deemed, as it were, "*a shred of the linen vestment of Aaron.*" Nor was Roger one of those worthy parish clerks who could be accused of merely humming the psalms through the nostril as a sack-butt, but much oftener instructed and amused his fellow parishioners with the amorous ditties of the "*waiting-maid's lamentation,*"* or one of those national songs which awake the remembrance of glorious deeds, and make each man burn with the enthusiasm of the conquering hero. With this jocund companion, Swift relieved the

* Quâ veteres revocamur amores.

tediousness of his lonesome retirement: nor did the easy freedom which he indulged with Roger, ever lead this humble friend beyond the strict bounds of decorum and respect.

IV. ROGER COX'S DRESS.

Roger's dress was not the least extraordinary feature of his appearance. He constantly wore a full trimmed scarlet waistcoat of most uncommon dimensions, a light grey coat, which altogether gave him an air of singularity and whim as remarkable as his character.

To repeat all the anecdotes and witticisms which are recorded of the prolific genius of Roger in the simple annals of Laracor, would fill a little volume. They are still remembered by the neighbourhood for miles around, where his memory and example are cherished with respect. He died at the good old age of 90, at Breeky, in the county of Cavan. Nothing more remains than

than to add Pope's epitaph on his parish clerk:

O reader! if that thou canst read,
Look down upon this stone:
Do all we can, Death is a man
That never spareth none.

V. PECULIARITY OF SWIFT'S HUMOUR.

An anecdote has been repeatedly told, to prove that Swift, with all imaginable piety in his heart, could not resist the temptation to indulge the peculiarity of his humour, when an opportunity offered, whatever might be the impropriety of time and place; for, having soon after his arrival at Laracor given public notice that he would read prayers every Wednesday and Friday, on the first of those days after he had summoned his congregation, he ascended the desk, and, after sitting some time with no other auditor than his clerk *Roger*, he rose up, and with a composure and gravity that, upon this occasion, were irresistibly ridiculous, began, "Dearly beloved Roger, the Scripture moveth you and me in sundry places," and

so proceeded to the end of the service.—The story is not quite complete. It is not, indeed, easy to account for this extraordinary fit of praying in Swift, in a parish consisting of not more than six or seven families, all of whom were necessarily busy with their different avocations during the week; unless he thought, from the crowded attendance with which he was complimented on the Sundays, that his influence was so great as to occasion, at his nod, an entire cessation from all worldly care, and an interruption to every pursuit. The fact is, that when he went into the church, he found *Roger alone*, and exclaimed with evident surprise, "*What, Roger! none here but you?*"—"*Yes, Sir,*" replied Roger, drily (turning over the book to find the lessons for the day), "*sure you are here too.*"

VI. SALE OF POULTRY.

There happened, while Swift was at Laracor, the sale of a farm and stock, the farmer being dead. Swift chanced to walk past during

during the auction just as a pen of poultry had been put up: Roger bid for them, and was overbid by a farmer of the name of HATCH; "*What, Roger, won't you buy the poultry?*" exclaimed Swift. "*No, Sir,*" said Roger, "*I see they are just* A'GOING TO HATCH."

VII. KELLY THE BLACKSMITH.

But, although Roger took the lead, he did not monopolize all the wit of the parish. It happened that Swift, having been dining at some little distance from Laracor, was returning home on horseback, in the evening, which was pretty dark; just before he reached Kellistown, a neighbouring village, his horse lost a shoe. Unwilling to run the risk of laming the animal by continuing his ride in that condition, he stopt at one Kelly's, the blacksmith of the village, where, having called the man, he asked him if he could shoe a horse with a *candle.* "*No,*" replied the smutty son of Vulcan; "*but I can with a hammer.*" Swift, struck with the reply, determined

determined to have a little more conversation with this modern Cyclops, who was well known for his idleness. He accordingly alighted, and went into the cabin, which was literally *rotten*, but supported, wherever it had given way at different times, with pieces of timber. Swift, as was usual with him, began to rate poor Kelly soundly for his indolence in not getting his house put into better repair, in which the wife joined —"*Hold, Doctor, for one moment!*" exclaimed Kelly, "*and tell me, whether you ever saw a rotten house better supported in your life.*"

VIII. MODERN THEATRES.

There is something very refined in the contrivance and structure of our modern theatres; for, *first*, the pit is sunk below the stage, that whatever *weighty* matter shall be delivered thence, whether it be *lead* or *gold*, may fall plump into the jaws of certain *critics*, as I think they are called, which stand ready opened to devour them. Then the boxes are built round, and raised to a level with

with the scene, in deference to the ladies; because that large portion of wit, laid out in raising pruriencies and protuberances, is observed to run much upon a line, and ever in a circle. The *whining passions* and *little starved conceits* are gently wafted up by their own extreme levity to the middle region, and there fix, and are frozen by the frigid understandings of the inhabitants. Bombastry and buffoonery, by nature lofty and light, soar highest of all, and would be lost in the roof, if the prudent architect had not with much foresight contrived for them a fourth place called the *twelvepenny gallery*, and there planted a suitable colony, who greedily intercept them in their passage.

IX. MRS. FLEMING OF BELLEVILLE.

Dining one day with Mrs. Fleming of Belleville, he complained that a leg of mutton, one of the dishes at table, was full of maggots;—"*Not half so full as your head, Doctor,*" replied the lady drily. The Doctor

was

was silent, and did not rally for the remainder of the evening.

X. MRS. SENECA OF DROGHEDA.

Swift slept one night at an inn, which was kept by a widow lady of very respectable family, Mrs. Seneca, at Drogheda. In the morning he made a violent complaint of the *sheets* being *dirty*. "Dirty, indeed," exclaimed Mrs. S. "*You are the last man, Doctor, that should complain of dirty* SHEETS." He had just then published the "*Lady's Dressing Room*," a poem; which wants nothing but *delicacy*.

XI. PULPITS.

Of pulpits there are in this island several sorts; but I esteem only that made of timber from the Sylva Caledonia: if it be upon its decay, it is the better both for the conveyance of sound and other reasons. The degree of perfection in shape and size I take to consist in being extremely narrow, with little ornament, and best of all without a cover,

cover, by which means, from its near resemblance to a pillory, it will always have a mighty influence on human ears. By the pulpit also are adumbrated the writings of our modern saints in Great Britain, as they have spiritualized and refined them from the dross and grossness of sense and human reason. Rotten wood should be preferred, because it possesses the quality of giving light in the dark, and because its cavities are full of worms, the two principal qualifications of a fanatic preacher, being his *inward light* and his *head* full of maggots, and the two different fates of his writings to be burnt or worm eaten.

XII. BANTERING.

This polite word was first borrowed from the bullies in Whitehall, then fell among the footmen, and at last retired to the *pedants*, by whom it is applied as properly to the productions of wit, as wit itself would be to Sir Isaac Newton's mathematics.

XIII. A HORSE IN A DIRTY ROAD.

Swift was going one day to pay a visit at Mrs. Fleming's at Belleville, when, in riding along a narrow by-lane, being the nearer road, the mire was so deep that it was with difficulty he could get his horse along, and particularly at one part. Meeting soon after one of the servants, he scolded him severely, and ordered that it should be mended against his return. The man, who stood in great awe of the Dean, immediately set about, and had just completed it, when the Dean came up on his way home. He commended the man for his attention; but attempted in vain to get his horse to pass over the part which had been mended, but was so bad before; at last the Dean, in a pet, whipping and speaking to the horse, said, "Fool! *can't thou see the place is mended?*"—"Ay," observed the man coolly, "your horse, Mr. Dean, is like many men—his *memory is better than his judgment.*"

XIV. ON DR. SHERIDAN'S FLOGGING A BOY.

Swift was extremely fond of visiting his friend Sheridan's school, observing, talking to, and occasionally commending, the scholars. One day observing a very fine boy, whom he had frequently praised, crying, he inquired the cause, when he found the Doctor had flogged him for some trifling offence. Turning round to Sheridan, he applied that beautiful line of Virgil; thus,

Sheridan, Sheridan! *quæ te dementia cepit?*

XV. SWIFT'S FIRST INTERVIEW WITH VANESSA.

The first time that Swift was in company with Miss Vanhomrigh, whom he afterwards celebrated as Vanessa, he offended her so much by some observations, that she struck him. A gentleman who was present asked him afterwards, what he thought of Miss V——. "There is nothing ugly about her but her name, Sir," he replied. That probably

bably determined him to give her the more poetical name of *Vanessa*.

XVI. THE SCRIBLERUS CLUB.

Before Swift retired to Ireland, Mr. Pope, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Gay, Dr. Parnell, Mr. Jervas, and Swift, formed themselves into a society called the Scriblerus club. They wrote many things in conjunction, and, according to Goldsmith, Gay was usually the amanuensis. The connection between these wits, advanced the fame and interest of them all. They submitted their several productions to the review of their friends, and readily adopted alterations dictated by taste and judgment, unmixed with envy, or any sinister motive.

When the members of the Scriblerus club were in town, they were generally together, and often made excursions into the country. They generally preferred walking to riding, and all agreed once to walk down to Lord Burlington's, about 12 miles from town. It was

was Swift's custom, in whatever company he might visit or travel, to endeavour to procure the best bed for himself. To secure that, on the present occasion, Swift, who was an excellent walker, proposed, as they were leaving town, that each should make the best of his way. Dr. Parnell, guessing the Dean's intentions, pretended to agree; but as soon as his friend was out of sight, he took horse, and arrived at his Lordship's by another way, before Swift. Having acquainted his noble host with the other's design, he begged of him to disappoint it. It was resolved that Swift should be kept out of the house. Swift had never had the small-pox, and was, as all his friends knew, very much afraid of catching that distemper. A servant was dispatched to meet him as he was approaching the gate, and to tell him that the small-pox was raging in the house, that it would be unsafe for him to enter the doors, but that there was a field-bed in the summer house in the garden at his service. Thither the Dean was under the necessity of be-

taking himself. He was forced to be content with a cold supper, whilst his friends, whom he had tried to outstrip, were feasting in the house. At last, after they thought they had sufficiently punished his too eager desire for his own accommodation, they requested his Lordship to admit him into the company. The Dean was obliged to promise he would not afterwards, when with his friends, attempt to secure the best bed to himself. Swift was often the butt of their waggery, which he bore with great good humour, knowing well, that though they laughed at his singularities, they esteemed his virtues, admired his wit, and venerated his wisdom.

Many were the frolics of the Scriblerus club. They often evinced the truth of an observation made by the poet, "*dulce est desipere in loco.*"

The time for wits to play the fool, is when they are met together, to relax from the severity of mental exertion. Their follies have a degree of extravagance much beyond the phlegmatic

phlegmatic merriment of sober dulness, and can be relished by those only, who, having wit themselves, can trace the extravagance to the real source.

This society carefully abstained from their frolics before the stupid and ignorant, knowing that on no occasion ought a wise man to guard his words and actions more than when in the company of fools.

How long the Scriblerus club lasted is not exactly ascertained, or whether it existed during the intimacy between Swift and Addison, previous to the Doctor's connection with the Tory ministry.

XVII. *GUISCARD'S ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE MR. HARLEY.

This day the Marquis de Guiscard was taken up for high treason, by a warrant of Mr.

* The real name of this man was not *Guiscard*, but the Abbé *de Bourlie*, who having quitted his native country, solicited to be employed against it in several courts of Europe, and assumed the title of *Marquis de Guiscard*.

Mr. St. John, and examined before a committee of the council in Mr. St. John's office, where were present the Dukes of Ormond, Buckingham,

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Guiscard. He at length obtained a commission from Queen Anne, and embarked in an expedition against France, which miscarried; and his expectations being disappointed by the new ministry, he endeavoured to make his peace at home by acting here as a spy, and commenced a treasonable correspondence: his letters were intercepted, and produced to him by Mr. Harley, at his examination. He had committed several enormities in France, was extremely prodigal and vicious, of a dark melancholy complexion and cloudy countenance, such as in vulgar physiognomy is called an *ill look*. His talents were very mean, having a sort of inferior cunning, but very small abilities. He confessed in Newgate, that his chief design was against Mr. Secretary St. John, who happened to change seats with Mr. Harley for more convenience of examining the criminal: and being asked what provoked him to stab the Chancellor, he said that not being able to come at the Secretary as he intended, it was some satisfaction to murder the person whom he thought Mr. St. John loved best. After the wound was given, Mr. Harley neither changed his countenance nor discovered any concern or disorder in his speech. He rose up and walked along the room, while he was able, with the greatest tranquillity, during the

Buckingham, Shrewsbury, Earl Powlet, Mr. Harley, Mr. St. John, and others. During examination, Mr. Harley observed Guiscard, who stood behind him, but on one side, swearing and looking disrespectfully. He told him he ought to behave himself better while he was examined for such a crime. Guiscard immediately drew a pen-knife out of his pocket, which he had picked up in some of the offices, and reaching round, stabbed him just under the breast, a little to the right side; but it pleased God that the point stopped at one of the ribs, and broke short half an inch. Immediately Mr. St. John rose, drew his sword, and ran it into Guiscard's breast. Five or six more of the council drew, and stabbed Guiscard in several places: but the Earl Poulet called out, for

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the height of the confusion. He desired the surgeon would inform him freely whether the wound were mortal, as, he said, he had in that case some affairs to settle relating to his family; and taking up the knife and wiping it himself, desired somebody to take care of it, *as he thought it now belonged to him.*

God's sake, to spare Guiscard's life, that he might be made an example; and Mr. St. John's sword was taken from him, and broke, and the footmen without ran in, and bound Guiscard, who begged he might be killed immediately; and they say, called out three or four times, "My Lord Ormond, My Lord Ormond!" Guiscard resisted them a while until the footmen came in. Immediately Bucier the surgeon was sent for, who dressed Mr. Harley, and he was sent home. The wound bled fresh, and they do not apprehend him in danger: he said, when he came home, he thought himself in none, and when I was there, he was asleep, and they did not find him at all feverish. Your Grace must have heard of this Guiscard: he fled from France for villanies there, and was thought on to head an invasion of that kingdom, but was not liked. I know him well, and think him a fellow of little consequence, although of some cunning and much villany. We passed by one another this day in the Mall at two o'clock, an hour before he was taken up, and I won-

I wondered he did not speak to me. I believe every material circumstance here is true, having it from young Mr. Harley.*

Letter to Archbishop King.

XVIII. CHARACTER OF LORD OXFORD.

The Lord Treasurer is much the greatest minister I ever knew: regular in life, with a true sense of religion, an excellent scholar, and a good divine, of a very mild and affable disposition, intrepid in his notions and indefatigable in business, an utter despiser of money for himself, yet frugal (perhaps to an extremity) for the public. In private company he is wholly disengaged, and very facetious, like one who had no business at all.

* "Guiscard died here this morning at two, and the "coroner's inquest have found that he was killed by "bruises received from a messenger, in order to clear "the cabinet counsellors from whom he received his "wound. He certainly had an intention to murder "the Queen."—*Journal to Stella.*

He never wants a reserve upon any emergency, which would appear desperate to others, and makes little use of those thousand projectors and schematists, who are daily plying him with their visions, but to be thoroughly convinced by the comparison, that his own notions are best. *

Letter to Archbishop King.

XIX. THE BENCH.

The bench in the Phenician tongue is a word of great signification, importing, if literally interpreted, the *place of sleep*; but, in common acceptation, a seat well bolstered and cushioned for the repose of old and gouty limbs: *Senes ut in Otia tota recedant.* Fortune being indebted to them this part of retaliation, that, as formerly they have long *talked*, whilst others *slept*, so now they may *sleep* as long, whilst others *talk*.

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* In the Journal to Stella, mentioning Lord Oxford's elevation to the Peerage, Swift says, "*This man has grown by persecutions, turnings out and stabbing.*"

XX. WISDOM.

Wisdom is a *fox*, who, after long hunting, will at last cost you the pains to dig out; it is a *cheese*, which, by how much the richer, has the thicker, the homelier, and the coarser coat; and whereof to a judicious palate the maggots are the best: it is a *sack-posset*, wherein the deeper you go, you will find it the sweeter. Wisdom is a *hen*, whose cackling we must value and consider, because it is attended with an egg: but then, lastly, it is a *nut*, which, unless you choose with judgment, may cost you a tooth, and pay you with nothing but a worm.

XXI. A MEDITATION UPON A BROOMSTICK.*

This single stick, which you now behold ingloriously lying in that neglected corner,

* According to the style and manner of the Honourable Robert Boyle's Meditations. See in the list of Swift's Works, vol. ii, Lord Orrery's observation on this *jeu d'esprit*.

I once

I once knew in a flourishing state in a forest; it was full of sap, full of leaves, and full of boughs: but now in vain does the busy art of man pretend to vie with nature, by tying that withered bundle of twigs to its sapless trunk. It is now at best but the reverse of what it was, a tree turned upside down, the branches on the earth, and the root in the air. It is now handled by every dirty wench, condemned to do her drudgery, and by a capricious kind of fate, destined to make her things clean, and be nasty itself. At length, worn out to the stumps in the service of the maids, it is either thrown out of doors, or condemned to the last use, of kindling a fire. When I beheld this, I sighed and said within myself, *Surely, mortal man is a broomstick!* Nature sent him into the world strong and lusty, in a thriving condition, wearing his own hair on his head, the proper branches of this reasoning vegetable, until the axe of intemperance has lopped off his green boughs, and left him a withered trunk: he then flies to art, and puts on a periwig,

periwig, valuing himself upon an unnatural bundle of hairs, all covered with powder, that never grew upon his head; but now, should this, *our broomstick*, pretend to enter the scene, proud of those birchen spoils it never bore, and all covered with dust, though the sweepings of the finest lady's chamber, we should be apt to ridicule and despise its vanity. Partial judges that we are of our own excellencies, and other men's defaults!

But a *broomstick*, perhaps you will say, is an emblem of a tree standing on its head; and pray what is man but a topsyturvy creature, his animal faculties perpetually mounted on his rational, his head where his heels should be, groveling on the earth! and yet, with all his faults, he sets up to be an universal reformer and corrector of abuses, a remover of grievances, rakes into every slut's corner of nature, bringing hidden corruptions to the light, and raises a mighty dust where there was none before, sharing deeply all the while in the very same pollutions

tions he pretends to sweep away: his last days are spent in slavery to women, and generally the least deserving; till worn to the stumps like his brother besom, he is either kicked out of doors, or made use of to kindle flames for others to warm themselves by.

XXII. JOAN CUDGELS NED.

Joan cudgels *Ned*, yet *Ned*'s a bully;
Will cudgels *Bess*, yet *Will*'s a cully.
Die *Ned* and *Bess*; give *Will* to *Joan*,
She dares not say, her life's her own.
Die *Joan* and *Will*; give *Bess* to *Ned*,
And every day she *combs his head!*

XXIII. CHARACTER OF DR. WILLIAM KING, LORD ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

The Lord Archbishop of Dublin having been several times of late years much misrepresented in England, I would willingly set you right in his character. For his great sufferings, and eminent services, he was by the

the late King (William the Third) promoted to the see of Derry. About the same time he wrote a book to justify the Revolution, wherein was an account of King James's proceedings in Ireland; and the late Archbishop Tillotson recommended it to the King, as the most valuable treatise that could have been published at such a juncture: and as his grace set out upon those principles, he has proceeded so ever since as a loyal subject to the Queen; entirely for the succession in the Protestant line, and for ever excluding the Pretender: and, though a firm friend to the church, yet with indulgence towards dissenters, as appears from his conduct at Derry, where he was settled for many years among the most virulent of the sect; yet upon his removal to Dublin, they parted from him with tears in their eyes, and universal acknowledgments of his wisdom and goodness. For the rest, it must be owned, he does not busy himself by entering deep into any party; but rather spends his time in acts of hospitality and charity, in

building

building of churches, repairing his palace, in introducing and preferring the worthiest persons he can find, without other regards: in short, in the practice of all virtues, that can become a public or private life. This, and more, if possible, is due to so excellent a person, who may be justly reckoned among the greatest and most learned prelates of the present age.

Letter concerning the Sacramental Test.

XXIV. EPITAPH ON JUDGE BOAT.

Here lies Judge *Boat* within a coffin,
Pray, gentlefolks, forbear your scoffing;
A *Boat* a Judge! yes, where's the blunder?
A *wooden* Judge is no such wonder!
And in his robes you must agree,
No *Boat* was better *deckt* than he.
'Tis needless to describe him fuller,
In short he was an able *sculler*.*

* *Qu.* Whether the Author meant *scholar*, and wilfully mistook.

XXV.

XXV. ON STEPHEN DUCK,* THE THRESHER AND FAVOURITE POET.

The thresher Duck could o'er the Queen prevail,
The proverb says, "*no fence against a flail.*"
From *threshing* corn, he turns to *thresh his brains*,
For which her Majesty allows him grains.
Though 'tis confest, that those who ever saw
His poems, think them all not worth a STRAW!
Thrice happy Duck, employed in threshing *stubble*,
Thy toil is lessen'd, and thy profits double.

XXVI. THE PLACE OF THE DAMNED.

All folks who pretend to religion and grace,
Allow there's a Hell, but dispute of the place:
But if Hell may, by logical rules, be defin'd
The place of the damn'd—I'll tell you my mind.

* Stephen Duck was a poor thresher, who having written some verses, they were shewn to the late Queen, who made him her library keeper at Richmond. He afterwards took orders, and was preferred to a living; but growing melancholy, he at last drowned himself.

Wherever

Wherever the damn'd do chiefly abound,
Most certainly there is Hell to be found:
Damn'd *poets*, damn'd *critics*, damn'd *block-heads*, damn'd *knaves*,
Damn'd *senators* brib'd, damn'd prostitute *slaves*;
Damn'd *lawyers* and *judges*, damn'd *lords*, and damn'd *squires*;
Damn'd *spies* and *informers*, damn'd *friends*, and damn'd *liars*;
Damn'd *villains* corrupted in every *station*,
Damn'd *time-serving priests* all over the *nation*;
And into the bargain I'll readily give you
Damn'd ignorant *prelates* and *counsellors privy*.
Then let us no longer by parsons be flamm'd,
For we know by these *marks* the place of the damn'd;
And Hell, to be sure, is at *Paris* or *Rome*;
—How happy for us that it is not *at home!*

XXVII. LORD CARTERET.

"When people ask me, how I governed Ireland? I say, that I pleased Dr. Swift."

"Quæsitam meritis sume superbiam."

Letter to Dr. Swift.

XXVIII. THE NATIONAL DEBT.

Swift's account of the origin of the national debt is correct, and his prophecy remarkable. It has been too fatally fulfilled. He says, in his Essay on the Conduct of the Allies, "The true reason for embracing the expedient of borrowing money upon funds of interest, was to secure a new Prince not firmly settled upon the throne: people were tempted to lend by great premiums and large interest; and it concerned them nearly to preserve that government which they had trusted with their money. The person * said to have been the author of so detestable a project, lived to see some of its fatal consequences, whereof his grand-children will not see an end. Hence sprung a set of *upstarts*, who had little or no part in the Revolution, but valued themselves upon their noise and pretended zeal, and who got into credit at court by the merit of becoming

* Dr. Burnett, Bishop of Salisbury.

undertakers and projectors of loans and funds. These, finding that the gentlemen of estates were not willing to come into their measures, fell into new schemes of raising money, in order to create a monied interest that might, in time, vie with the landed, and of which they hoped to be at the head."

XXIX. ON SEEING VERSES WRITTEN UPON WINDOWS AT INNS.

Vive la bagatelle seems to have been Swift's constant motto. His active mind seized every opportunity of exemplifying it, as these and other trifles prove.

The sage who said he would be proud
  Of windows in his breast,
Because he ne'er one thought allow'd
  That might not be confest;
His window scrawl'd by ev'ry rake,
  His breast again would cover;
And fairly bid the Devil take
  The di'mond and the lover.

ANOTHER.

ANOTHER.

That Love is the Devil I'll prove when requir'd;
These rhymers abundantly shew it:
They swear that they all by Love are inspir'd,
And the Devil's a damnable poet.

XXX. EFFECT OF READING THE GREEK AND ROMAN HISTORIES.

There is something specious in Hobbes's assertion, that the youth of England are corrupted in their political principles by reading the histories of Greece and Rome, which, having been written under republics, teach the readers to have ill notions of monarchy.

XXXI. THE BARRIER TREATY.

This treaty was only signed by one of our plenipotentiaries * (Lord Viscount Townshend), and Swift, in his Essay on the Conduct of the Allies, says, "that the other

* See John Bull, by Dr. Arbuthnot, in the Miscellanies.

(Duke of Marlborough) was heard to say he would rather lose his right hand than set it to such a treaty. Had he spoke those words in due season, and loud enough to be heard on this side of the water, considering the credit he had then at court, he might have saved much of his country's honour, and got as much to himself; therefore, if the *report* be true, I am inclined to think he only SAID it. I have been likewise told, that some very necessary circumstances were wanting in the entrance upon this treaty: but the ministers here rather chose to sacrifice the honour of the crown, and the safety of their country, than not ratify what one of their favourites had transacted."

XXXII. LORD TREASURER GODOLPHIN.

Swift in his correspondence makes a rule of communicating all the conversation and little anecdote about Court, which he had the best opportunities of hearing. Here is an instance of a great man's respectful treatment of his Sovereign, on being turned out.

"It

"It may be new to tell you some circumstances of my Lord Treasurer's (Godolphin) removal. A letter was sent to him by a groom of the Queen's stables, desiring he would break his staff, which would be the easiest way both to her Majesty and him. Mr. Smith, Chancellor of the Exchequer, happening to come in a little after, my Lord broke his staff, and flung the pieces in the chimney, desiring Mr. Smith to be witness that he had obeyed the Queen's commands, and sent him to the Queen with a letter and a message, which Mr. Smith delivered, and at the same time surrendered up his own office."

XXXIII. DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

Here is a splendid instance to what ambition and avarice will reduce a great man. The character which Swift draws of the Duke has too general corroboration to be doubted.

"The Duke of Marlborough was yesterday an hour with the Queen: the Duke's beha-

viour was with the most abject submission; that he was the meanest of her Majesty's instruments; *her humble creature, a poor worm, &c.* He is covetous as hell, and ambitious as the Prince of it; he would fain have been General for life, and has broken all endeavours for peace, to keep his greatness, and get money. He told the Queen, he was neither covetous nor ambitious. She said, if she could have conveniently turned about, she would have laughed, and could hardly forbear it in his face. I confess my belief, that he has not one good quality in the world besides that of a General; and even that, I have heard denied by several great soldiers. But we have had constant success in arms while he commanded, and opinion is a mighty matter in war. This I had from a Lord to whom the Queen told it: for the Ministers never tell any thing; and it is only by picking out and comparing that one can ever be the wiser for them."

XXXIV. THE AMUSEMENTS OF MODERN YOUNG MEN.

This is another of those bagatelles for which Swift was so distinguished. The description unhappily still has its application.

Gaming, talking, swearing, drinking,
Hunting, shooting, never thinking;
Chattering nonsense all day long,
Humming half an opera song;
Chusing baubles, rings, and jewels;
Writing verses, fighting duels.
Mincing words in conversation,
Ridiculing all the nation.
Admiring their own pretty faces,
As if possess'd of all the graces;
And, though no bigger than a rat,
Peeping under each girl's hat.

XXXV. SAYING OF LORD TREASURER OXFORD'S.

"The Lord Treasurer once said to me, which I believe is the great maxim he pro-

ceeds by, that wisdom in public affairs is not, what is commonly believed, the forming of schemes with remote views; but the making use of such incidents as happen." This has certainly been the maxim of the greatest politicians.

XXXVI. RECOMMENDATIONS FOR PLACES AND PENSIONS.

Swift was long engaged about courts; and, during part of the time, certainly thought himself of great importance to ministers. This has been often doubted by others, and this letter proves that, whatever the fact was, he himself lived long enough to change his opinion. In a letter to Mrs. Howard, not published in his works, dated at "Twickenham, July 9th, 1727, between church and dinner time," he says, "I have often told Mrs. Pratt, that I have not the least interest with the friend's friend's friend of any body in power; on the contrary, I have been used like a dog for a dozen years, by every soul who was able to

do

do it, and were but sweepers about a court. I believe you will allow that I know courts well enough to remember, that a man must have got many degrees above the power of recommending himself, before he should presume to recommend another, even his nearest relation; and, for my own part, you may be sure that I will never venture to recommend a mouse to Mrs. Cole's cat, or a shoe cleaner to your nearest domestic. But you know too well already how very injudicious the general tribe of wanters are. I told Mrs. Pratt, that if she had friends, it were best to solicit a pension; but it seems she had mentioned a place. I can only say, that when I was about courts, the best lady there had some cousin or near dependant whom she would be glad to recommend for an employment, and therefore would hardly think of strangers: for I take the matter thus; that a pension may possibly be got by commiseration; but great personal favour is required for an employment. There are, madam, thousands in the world, who, if they

they saw your dog use me kindly, would the next day, in a letter, tell me of the delight they heard I had in doing good; and, being assured that a word of mine to you would do any thing, desire my interest to speak to you, to speak to the Speaker, to speak to Sir Robert Walpole, to speak to the King, &c. Thus wanting people are like drowning people, who lay hold of every reed or bulrush in their way."

XXXVII. THE COURTIER'S CREED.

Swift has frequently been charged with impiety; and, if the stories related of him be true, there was in his actions, as well as in his writings, an occasional levity of manner, which might be considered by some as arising from an indifference about religion. After this very free paraphrase of so solemn an article as the Belief, it cannot be said that the charge is entirely without foundation. "I believe in King George the Second; the greatest Captain, and the wisest Monarch between heaven and earth; and in Sir Robert

bert Walpole, his only Minister our Lord: who was begotten of Barrett the attorney, born of Mrs. W. of Houghton, accused of corruption, convicted, expelled, and imprisoned: he went down into Norfolk: the third year he came up again. He ascended into the administration, and sitteth at the head of the Treasury, from whence he shall pay all those who vote as they are commanded.

"I believe in Horace's * treaty, the sanctity of the Bishops, the independency of the Lords, the integrity of the Commons, restitution from the Spaniards, resurrection of credit, discharge of the public debts, and peace everlasting. Amen."

XXXVIII. EPITAPH ON A LADY.

Here lies a lady, who, if not bely'd,
St. Paul's advice took up, and *all things* try'd;
Nor stopp'd she here, but follow'd through the rest,
And always stuck the longest to the best.

* Horace Walpole, brother to Sir Robert. The treaty of Gertruydenberg is alluded to.

XXXIX. THE SPECTATOR,

Of the 27th April 1711.

This paper was written by Addison, and is printed with his works. The story is founded on one of the four Indian Kings then lately in London, having by accident forgot a bundle of papers containing a diary of observations made during their stay, for the information of their countrymen on their return, and which were found by their landlord after their departure. From this pretended diary the paper contains a quotation, from the article *London*, being a *description of St. Paul's*, and then follows a disquisition on the absurdity of men wearing breeches, and women, petticoats. It appears the idea was Swift's, as, in his Journal to Stella, he says, " You know that the Spectator is written by Steele with Addison's help. Yesterday it was made of a noble hint I gave Steele long ago for his *Tatlers*, about an Indian supposed to write his travels into England. I repent he ever had it. I intended

intended to have written a book on that subject. I believe he has spent it all in one paper, and all the under hints there are mine too."

XL. HISTORY OF THE FOUR LAST YEARS OF THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE.

In April 1737 the Earl of Oxford wrote to Dean Swift, on occasion of his having given permission to some of his friends to print this work. The Earl there requests that, from the constant regard and sincere friendship which had existed between his father (the late Lord Treasurer) and the Dean, he would not suffer it to be printed without previously allowing it to be submitted to him and some of his late father's friends; "as I recollect," says the Earl, "that on reading it there seemed to me a want of some papers to make it more complete, which it was not in our power to obtain; besides, there were some severe things said, which might have been then very currently talked of, but now will want proper

proper evidence to support." Mr. Lewis, private secretary to the late Lord Treasurer, also made the same request, in a letter dated June 30th, 1737, in these words: "Is it not possible that I may suggest some things that you may have omitted, and give you reasons for leaving out others? The scene is changed since that period of time: the conditions of the peace of Utrecht have been applauded by most part of mankind, even in both Houses of Parliament. Though you know more than any man, permit me to contribute a mite, and with the alteration of one word, viz. by inserting *parva* instead of *magna*, apply to myself that passage of Virgil, *quorum pars parva fui*." In his replies to these letters, Swift says, "The History was written at Windsor just upon finishing the peace; at which time your father and my Lord Bolingbroke had a misunderstanding with each other, that was attended with very bad consequences. When I came to Ireland to take this deanery (after the peace was made), I could not stay here above a fortnight, being called

called by a hundred letters to hasten back, and to use my endeavours in reconciling those ministers. I left them the History you mention, which I had finished at Windsor to the time of the peace. When I returned to England, I found their quarrels and coldness increased. I laboured to reconcile them as much as I was able: I contrived to bring them to my Lord Masham's at St. James's. I expostulated with them both on being left together, but could not find any good consequences. I was to go to Windsor the next day with my Lord Treasurer: I pretended business that prevented me, expecting they would come to some agreement. But I followed them to Windsor; where my Lord Bolingbroke told me that my scheme had come to nothing. Things went on at the same rate; they grew more estranged every day. My Lord Treasurer found his credit daily declining. In May, before the Queen died, I had my last meeting with them at Lord Masham's. He left us together, and I there spoke very freely

to

to them both, and told them, "*I would retire, for I found all was gone.*" Lord Bolingbroke whispered me I was "*in the right.*" Your father said, "*all would do well.*" I told him that "*I would go to Oxford on Monday, since I found it was impossible to be of any use.*"—I took coach to Oxford on Monday; went to a friend in Berkshire; there staid until the Queen's death, and then to my station here; where I staid twelve years, and never saw my Lord, your father, afterwards. They could not even agree about printing the History of the four last years; and therefore I have kept it to this time, when I determine to publish it in London, to the confusion of all those rascals who have accused the Queen and that ministry of making a bad peace, to which that party entirely owes the Protestant succession. I was then in the greatest heart and confidence with your father the Lord Treasurer, as well as with my Lord Bolingbroke, and all others who had part in the administration. I had all the letters from the Secretary's

tary's Office during the treaty of peace: out of those, and what I learned from the ministry, I formed that History which I am now going to publish for the information of posterity, and to controul the most impudent falsehoods which have been published since. I wanted no kind of materials. I knew your father better than you could at that time: and I do impartially think him the most virtuous minister, and the most able of any, that ever I remember to have read of. If your Lordship has any particular circumstances that may fortify what I have said in the History, such as letters or other materials, I am content that they should be printed at the end by way of appendix. I loved my Lord your father better than any other man in the world, *although I had no obligation to him on the score of preferment; having been driven to this wretched kingdom, to which I was almost a stranger, by his want of power to keep me in what I ought to call my own country, although I happened to be dropt here, and was a year old before I left*

it, and, to my sorrow, did not die before I came back to it again."

In his answer to Mr. Lewis's letter, Swift says, "The History you mention was written above a year before the Queen's death. I am confident you read it, as did this Lord Oxford. You know, on the Queen's death, how the peace and all proceedings were universally condemned. This I knew would be done; and the chief cause of my writing was, not to let such a Queen and Ministry lie under such a load of infamy, or posterity be so ill informed. Lord Oxford is in the wrong to be in pain about his father's character, or his proceedings in his ministry; which is so drawn, that his greatest admirers will rather censure me for partiality. I do not know any body but yourself who could give me more light than what I then received; for I remember I often consulted with you, and took memorials of many important particulars which you told me, as I did of others, for four years together. I believe you know that Lord Bolingbroke is

now

now busy in France, writing the history of his own time; and how much he grew to hate the Treasurer you know too well; and I know how much he hates his very memory. This is what the present Lord Oxford should be most in pain at, not about me."

XLI. BIRTH-DAY PRESENTS.

It was for a great many years a regular custom with Swift's most intimate friends, to make him some presents on his birth-day. On that occasion, 30th November, 1732, Lord Orrery presented him with a paper book, finely bound, and Dr. Delany with a silver standish, accompanied with the following verses. Lord Orrery's seems to have been nearly his first essay in poetry; for Swift, in a letter thanking him for the present, says, "Accept my most humble thanks for the honour done me by so excellent a performance on so barren a subject; by which words I anticipate the censure of all those who love me not, in spite of whom it will be said in future age, *that one of Lord*

Orrery's first essays in poetry were these verses on Dr. Swift."

To Dr. Swift, with a Paper Book; by John Earl of Orrery.

To thee, dear Swift, these spotless leaves I send;
Small is the present, but sincere the friend.
Think not so poor a book below thy care;
Who knows the price that thou canst make it bear?
Tho' tawdry now, and like Tyralla's face,
The specious front shines out with borrow'd grace;
Tho' pasteboards, glitt'ring like a tinsel'd coat,
A *rasa tabula* within denote:
Yet, if a venal and corrupted age,
And modern vices should provoke thy rage;
If, warn'd once more by their impending fate,
A sinking country and an injur'd state
Thy great assistance should again demand,
And call forth Reason to defend the land;
Then shall we view these sheets with glad surprise,
Inspir'd with thought, and speaking to our eyes:
Each

Each vacant space shall then, enrich'd, dispense
True force of eloquence, and nervous sense;
Inform the judgment, animate the heart,
And sacred rules of policy impart.
The spangled cov'ring, bright with splendid ore,
Shall cheat the sight with empty show no more;
But lead us inward to those golden mines,
Where all thy soul in native lustre shines.
So when the eye surveys some lovely fair,
With bloom of beauty, grac'd with shape and air,
How is the rapture heighten'd when we find
The form excell'd by her celestial mind?

Verses left with a Silver Standish on the Dean of St. Patrick's Desk on his Birth Day; by Dr. Delany.

Hither from Mexico I came,
To serve a proud Iernian dame:
Was long submitted to her will,
At length she lost me at Quadrille.
Through various shapes I often pass'd,
Still hoping to have rest at last:

And still ambitious to obtain
Admittance to the patriot Dean;
And sometimes got within his door,
* But soon turn'd out to serve the poor;
Not strolling idleness to aid,
But honest industry decay'd.
At length an artist purchas'd me,
And wrought me to the shape you see.
This done, to Hermes I applied:
" O Hermes! gratify my pride!
" Be it my fate to serve a sage,
" The greatest genius of his age;
" That matchless pen let me supply,
" Whose living lines will never die!"
" I grant your suit," the god replied;
And here he left me to reside.

Verses written by Dean Swift, occasioned by the foregoing Presents.

A Paper Book is sent by *Boyle*,
Too neatly gilt for me to soil:
Delany sends a silver Standish,
When I no more a pen can brandish.

* Alluding to 500l. a year lent by the Dean, with interest, to poor tradesmen.

Let

Let both around my tomb be plac'd,
As trophies of a muse deceas'd:
And let the friendly lines they writ,
In praise of long departed wit,
Be grav'd on either side in columns,
More to my praise than all my volumes;
To burst with envy, spite, and rage,
The Vandals of the present age.

Mrs. Pilkington having heard that Dean Swift had received a Paper Book from the Earl of Orrery, and a Silver Standish from Dr. Delany, sent the Dean *an Eagle's Quill*, with the following lines on the occasion.

Shall then my kindred all my glory claim,
And boldly rob me of eternal fame?
To ev'ry art my gen'rous aid I lend,
To music, painting, poetry, a friend.
'Tis I celestial harmony inspire,
* When fix'd to strike the sweetly warbling wire.
I to the faithful canvas have consign'd
Each bright idea of the painter's mind;

* Quills of the harpsichord.

Behold from Raphael's sky-dipt pencils rise
Such heav'nly scenes as charm the gazer's eyes.
O let me now aspire to higher praise!
Ambitious to transcribe your deathless lays!
Nor thou, immortal bard! my aid refuse,
Accept me as the servant of your muse;
Then shall the world my wond'rous worth declare,
And all mankind your matchless pen revere.*

XLII. MR. POPE'S TRANSLATION OF HOMER.

Swift's openness and candour in criticism cannot be more fully conceived than in his letter to Pope, on the latter's translation of Homer. He says, "I borrowed your Homer, and read it out in two evenings. If it

* The Dean in a letter to Mrs. Pilkington says, "I never saw better verses in their kind than those you have been pleased to make upon me; of which opinion are some particular friends of genius and taste to whom I ventured to communicate them. I can only assure you, that I value your present as much as either of the others, only you must permit it to be turned into a pen; which office I will perform with my own hand, and never permit any other to use it."

pleases

pleases others as well as me, you have got your end in profit and reputation: yet I am angry at some bad rhymes and triplets, and pray, in your next, do not let me have so many unjustifiable rhymes to *war* and *gods*. I tell you all the faults I know, only in one or two places, you are a little obscure; but I expected you to be so in one or two and twenty. Your notes are perfectly good, and so are your preface and essay."

XLIII. DR. GEE.

Dr. Gee, prebendary of Westminster, who had written a small paper against *popery*, being obliged to travel for his health, affected to disguise his person, and change his name, as he passed through Portugal, Spain, and Italy; telling all the English he met, that he was afraid of being murdered, or put into the inquisition. He was acting the same farce at Paris, till Mr. Prior (who was then secretary to the embassy) quite disconcerted the Doctor, by maliciously discovering the secret, and offering to engage body for

for body, that not a creature would hurt him, or had ever heard of him or his pamphlet.

XLIV. DIALOGUE BETWEEN SWIFT AND HIS LANDLORD.

The three towns of Navan, Kells, and Trim, which lay in Swift's route on his first journey to Laracor, seem to have deeply arrested his attention, for he has been frequently heard to speak of the beautiful situation of the first, the antiquity of the second, and the time-shaken towers of the third. There were three inns in Navan, each of which claim to this day the honour of having entertained *Dr. Swift!* It is probable that he dined at one of them, for it is certain that he slept at Kells in the house of *Jonathan Belcher*, a Leicestershire man, who had built the inn in that town on the English model, which still exists, and, in point of capaciousness and convenience, would not disgrace the first road in England. The host,

host, whether struck by the commanding sternness of Swift's appearance, or from natural civility, shewed him into the best room, and waited himself at table. The attention of Belcher seems so far to have won upon Swift as to have produced some conversation. "You're an Englishman, Sir?" said Swift. "Yes, Sir." "What is your name?" "Jonathan Belcher, Sir." "An Englishman and *Jonathan* too, in the town of Kells—who would have thought it! What brought you to this country?" "I came with Sir Thomas Taylor, Sir; and I believe I could reckon *fifty Jonathans* in my family." "Then you are a man of family?" "Yes, Sir; I have four sons and three daughters by one mother, a good woman of true Irish mould." "Have you been long out of your native country?" "Thirty years, Sir." "Do you ever expect to visit it again?" "Never." "Can you say that without a sigh?" "I can, Sir; my family is my country!" "Why, Sir, you are a better philosopher than those who have written

written volumes on the subject: then you are reconciled to your fate?" "I ought to be so; I am very happy; I like the people, and, though I was not born in Ireland, I'll die in it, and that's the same thing." Swift paused in deep thought for near a minute, and then with much energy repeated the first line of the preamble of the noted Irish statute—*Ipsis Hibernis Hiberniores!*—"*(The English) are more Irish than the Irish themselves.*"

XLV. MR. JONES, CURATE OF LARACOR.

On the evening of the fourth day of his pedestrian journey, Swift reached Laracor. The curate of the parish was smoking his pipe at the door, when Swift, advancing with a hasty step, and without the least salutation, asked him his name. The good old pastor was so struck with the appearance of Swift, and the abruptness of the question, that he could scarcely articulate JONES. "Well then I am your master!" exclaimed Swift. When the curate recovered a little from

from his surprise, he bowed in silence, not the bow of servility, but of respect. He led Swift into the best room in his humble cottage, and introduced him to his wife in these words: "Mary, my dear, this is the new vicar, our new master." Swift did not attempt to qualify the harshness of the expression, though it was easy to perceive the effect it had upon Mrs. Jones; and, as if it were to heighten the effect, pulled a shirt out of his pocket, and handed it to the lady, saying, as he stretched out his hand, "Madam, if you are not too proud, lay that shirt in your drawer, if you have one." Mrs. Jones obeyed in silence, but trembled so violently, that it is probable the next minute she could not tell where it was laid. Swift then threw himself into an arm chair, and, after casting his eyes in a supercilious manner round the room, neither the curate nor his wife daring to speak, condescended to ask, if they had any thing to eat. This was joyful news to Mrs. Jones, who hoped that her clean diaper table-cloth, new plates, and

and a few knives and forks, which had not for a long time been called into use, would relax the gloomy severity of the vicar's brow. Mr. Jones's goodness of heart readily suggested to him, that Swift's ill humour arose from fatigue, the badness of the roads, the length of his journey, or, what was still more natural, hunger; but he could not, by any conjecture, get rid of his first looks, and the sound of his words still vibrated on his ear. Swift praised the table-cloth, the order in which the plates were arranged, &c. which in an instant wiped off all the ill impressions Mrs. Jones had entertained. He now saw that he had got the mastery, and was determined to keep it.

Swift, the next morning, inquired the character of Mr. Jones from the parish clerk, who set him forth as the best of men, and the first of scholars. He was certainly well versed in the Greek and Roman classics, and very luckily had committed most of them to memory in his youth, for he had only one or two in his library, which consisted

sisted of a large Bible, Seneca's Works in Latin, Sir Walter Raleigh's History of the World, the first edition of Chaucer, and an Almanac almost as old as himself. Mrs. Jones likewise came in for her share of praise, particularly for affability to inferiors. She was descended from one of the oldest families in the county; nay, it was even said that there was a small sprig of nobility in the maternal line.

At Laracor, Swift had sufficient time to reflect on the situation into which his fortune had thrown him. He, that lately shone as the first star in the constellation of wit, was now condemned to converse with rustics, in many of whom, however, he found rich veins of native genius, and sparks of imagination, that even poverty could not extinguish. He was surrounded with ill-thatched, mud-walled cottages, with two or three shattered windows, and a chimney perhaps, by way of ornament: tillage was in so low a state that a trace of the plough was scarcely perceptible, even on the plains; and a few

a few wretched cabins were thinly scattered over the face of the country, with a mansion here and there, which bespoke the vanity, rather than the ease and independence, of its inmates. In such a situation we can hardly suppose that his mind was otherwise employed than in plans to regain his liberty, and better the condition of his future life.

XLVI. ROGER COX.

We have already described Roger's dress. The scarlet waistcoat soon caught Swift's eye; Roger bowed, and observed, that he wore scarlet because he belonged to the *church militant!*

XLVII. LARACOR CHURCH.

Swift was impatient to see the church. It was in a most miserable plight indeed. "What!" exclaimed Swift in a tone of the utmost indignation, "could your last vicar—why he must have been a wretch indeed, to permit the house of God to sink in ruins under his eye." "Why," said Roger, "please

" please your reverence, our last vicar lived BY the church, but he did not live IN it; and we, the poor sheep of such a shepherd, thought it was the finest pinfold in the world."

XLVIII. THE CHURCH YARD.

After viewing the church, Swift walked into the church yard, and asked many particular questions of Roger concerning those that slept in it. He was much pleased with some of Roger's moral reflections, and particularly with his account of the *Reverend Mr. Wilson*, the last curate of the parish, who, after discharging, in the most exemplary manner, the useful duties of his office for forty-six years, led the way to "brighter worlds" in the eighty-seventh year of his age, universally lamented. Swift was so affected by the recital of the simple annals of this good man's life, that he lost no time in placing a stone over his remains, with this emphatical inscription—" *Resurgam.*"

XLIX. THE UPSTART.

There was one character which, through life, always kindled Swift's indignation, *the haughty, presuming, tyrannizing upstart!* A person of this description chanced to reside in the parish of Laracor. Swift omitted no opportunity of humbling his pride; but, as he was as ignorant as insolent, he was obliged to accommodate the coarseness of the lash to the callosity of the back. The following lines have been found, written by Swift upon this man:

" ——The rascal! that's too mild a name;
Does he forget from whence he came?
Has he forgot from whence he sprung?
A mushroom in a bed of dung;
A maggot in a cake of fat,
The offspring of a beggar's brat.
As eels delight to creep in mud,
To eels, we may compare his blood;
His blood delights in mud to run;
Witness his lazy, lousy son!

Puff'd

Puff'd up with pride and insolence,
Without a grain of common sense,
See with what consequence he stalks,
With what pomposity he talks;
See how the gaping crowd admire
The stupid blockhead and the liar.
How long shall vice triumphant reign?
How long shall mortals bend to gain?
How long shall virtue hide her face,
And leave her votaries in disgrace?
—Let indignation fire my strains,
Another villain yet remains—
Let purse-proud C——n next approach,
With what an air he mounts his coach!
A cart would best become the knave,
A dirty parasite and slave;
His heart in poison deeply dipt,
His tongue with oily accents tipt,
A smile still ready at command,
The pliant bow, the forehead bland—"

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L. PASTORALS.

Swift's idea of pastoral writing seems to have comprised a very extensive range of subjects. His Dialogue between Dermot and Sheelah is an excellent example of pastoral ridicule, as he terms it. He says, "A young Quaker who writes verses to his mistress, not very correct, but in a strain purely what a poetical Quaker should do, commending her look, habit, &c. has given me a hint that a set of *Quaker pastorals* might succeed: it is a fruitful subject, and *pastoral ridicule* is not exhausted, and a porter, footman, or chairman's pastoral might do well. Or what think you of a Newgate pastoral among the whores and thieves there?"

LI. RELUCTANCE TO WRITE LETTERS.

There are few people, I imagine, who have not felt the truth of the following observation: "I believe there is not a more miserable malady than an unwillingness to write

write letters to our best friends, and a man might be philosopher enough in finding out reasons for it. One thing is clear, that it shews the mighty difference between friendship and love; for a lover, as I have heard, is always scribbling to his mistress."

LII. MAN.

Swift's real and undisguised opinion of human nature cannot be more strongly seen than in a passage in his correspondence; where he says, "I hate and detest that *animal* called man as a general species, though I love individuals. I have materials towards a treatise proving the falsity of that definition *animal rationale*, and to shew it should be only *rationis capax*. Upon this great foundation of misanthropy (though not in Timon's manner) the whole building of my *Travels** is erected, and I never will have peace of mind till all honest men are of my opinion."

* Gulliver's.

Lord Bolingbroke, in a letter to Swift, 10th December 1725, says, "Your definition of *animal rationis*, instead of the common one *animal rationale*, will not bear examination; define but reason, and you will see why your distinction is no better than that of the pontiff *Cotta* between MALA RATIO and BONA RATIO."

Pope, noticing Swift's first observation, says, "I enter as fully as you can desire into your principle of love of individuals: and I think the way to have a public spirit, is first to have a private one; for who can believe, said a friend of mine, that any man can care for a hundred thousand people, who never cared for one? No ill humoured man can ever be a patriot, any more than he can be a friend."

Palisot, in his play called "Le Philosophe," admirably ridicules this general undistinguishing *philanthropy*, as it is called, in exclusion of the more private and limited affections; where he makes one of the characters say, "*Il aime tout le monde, pour n'aimer*

n'aimer personne." Pope has also very happily illustrated the idea in his Essay on Man:

"As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake," &c.

LIII. SCARCE ARTICLES.

"The following articles bear a very high value on account of their scarcity at present in this country." The observation is equally applicable at the present day.

Chastity—*in married life.*
Sincerity—*in patriotism.*
Honour—*among attornies.*
Friendship—*without interest.*
Love—*without deceit.*
Charity—*without ostentation.*
Honesty—*in parish officers.*
Fair play—*among gamblers.*
Beauty—*without pride.*
An advocate—*without a fee.*
A parson—*practising what he professes.*
A fashionable man—*without foppery.*
A fashionable woman—*without paint.*

A sanctified look—*without hypocrisy.*

A prude—*without incontinence.*

A blustering man—*without cowardice.*

A subaltern officer—*with money.*

A Jew—*without usury.*

Opposition—*without a sinister view.*

Administration—*inattentive to private interest.*

LIV. SWIFT'S DESCRIPTION OF HIMSELF.

In 1713, Swift addressed to Lord Oxford an imitation of the seventh epistle of the first book of Horace. In this he gives a very humorous account of his first introduction to his Lordship, then Secretary Harley, the progress of their acquaintance, his appointment to the Deanery of St. Patrick's; and, after detailing all the vexations attendant on his new *preferment*, he concludes with an oblique hint, expressing his great anxiety to change his situation in Ireland for any preferment in England. The following description of himself, on his first introduction to Harley, is highly characteristic:

"A clergyman

" A clergyman of special note
For shunning those of his own coat;
Which made his brethren of the gown
Take care betimes to run him down.
No libertine, nor over-nice,
Addicted to no sort of vice,
Went where he pleas'd, said what he thought,
*Not rich, but ow'd no man a groat;
In state opinions *a la mode*,
He hated Wharton like a toad,
Had given the faction many a wound,
And libell'd all the *junto* round;
Kept company with men of wit,
Who often father'd what he writ;
His works were hawk'd in every street,
But seldom rose above a sheet;
Of late indeed the paper *stamp*
Did very much his genius cramp;
And since he could not spend his fire,
He now intended to retire."

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* ——— Tenui cenou, sine crimine notum
Et properare loco, & cessare, & quærere, & uti!
Gaudentem.

LV. SIR JOHN VANBURGH'S HOUSE.

This house was built from the ruins of Whitehall that was burnt. Jervas the painter lived in it after Sir John Vanburgh; and Pope, in one of his letters, calls it the Goose Pye House, by which name it has ever since been known. Its last owner was General Sir Charles Stuart, brother of the Marquis of Bute, and is now occupied by his widow.

Capacious house! 'tis own'd by all,
Thou'rt well contriv'd, tho' thou art small;
For ev'ry wit in *Britain's* isle
May lodge within thy spacious pile;
Like *Bacchus*, thou, as poets feign,
Thy mother burnt, art born again;
Born like a *Phœnix* from the flame,
But neither *bulk* nor *shape* the same;
As animals of largest size
Corrupt to maggots, worms, and flies!
A type of *modern* wit and style,
The rubbish of an ancient pile;

So

So *chemists* boast they have a pow'r,
From the dead ashes of a flow'r
Some faint resemblance to produce,
But not the virtues, taste, or juice;
So modern rhymers wisely blast
The poetry of ages past;
Which after they have overthrown,
They from its ruins build their own.

LVI. BOOKS.

Why should not books, the children of the brain, have the honour to be christened with a variety of names, as well as other children of quality? "Our famous Dryden has ventured to proceed a point farther, endeavouring to introduce also a multiplicity* of godfathers, which is an improvement of much more advantage upon a very obvious account. It is a pity this admirable invention has not been better cultivated, so as to grow by this time into general imitation, when such an authority serves it for a precedent." Swift's enmity to Dryden was notorious.

* See Virgil translated, &c.; he dedicated the different Books of the Eneid to different patrons.

LVII. ANSWERERS TO BOOKS.

Common answerers to books are like annuals that grow about a young tree, and seem to vie with it for a summer, but fall and die with the leaves in autumn, and are never heard of any more.

LVIII. MODERN PREFACES.

The moderns will by no means let slip a preface or dedication without some notable distinguishing stroke to surprise the reader at the entry, and kindle a wonderful expectation of what is to ensue. "Such," observes Swift, "was that of a most ingenious poet, who, soliciting his brain for something new, compared himself to the *hangman*, and his patron to the *patient*: this was *insigne recens, indictum ore alio*."

LIX. WIT.

Wit has its walks and purlieus, out of which it may not stray the breadth of an hair, upon peril of being lost.

LX.

LX. PRAISE.

Praise was originally a pension paid by the *world*; but the *moderns*, finding the trouble and charge too great in collecting it, have lately bought out the fee simple; since which time the right of presentation is wholly in ourselves.

LXI. POETRY.

Poetry is frequently a preferment obtained by the transferring of propriety, and a confounding of *meum* and *tuum*.

LXII. SATIRE.

Satire, when general, being levelled at all, is never resented for an offence by any; since every individual person makes bold to understand it of others, and very wisely removes his particular part of the burthen upon the shoulders of the world, which are broad enough and able to bear it. "'Tis but a ball bandied to and fro, and every man carries a racket about him to strike it from himself among the rest of the company."

LXIII. PUBLIC SPEAKING.

Whoever has an ambition of being heard in a crowd, must press, and squeeze, and thrust, and climb, with indefatigable pains, till he has exalted himself to a certain degree of altitude above them. Now, in all assemblies, though you wedge them ever so close, we may observe this peculiar property, that over their heads there is room enough, but how to reach it is the difficult point.

——— evadere ad auras
Hoc opus, hic labor est.

LXIV. ADVANTAGES OF A SUPERIOR POSITION OF PLACE.

The air being a heavy body, and therefore, according to the system of Epicurus,* continually descending, must needs be more so when loaden and pressed down by words, which are also bodies of much weight and

* Lucret. lib. 2.

gravity,

gravity, as is manifest from those deep *impressions* they make and leave upon us, and therefore must be delivered from a due altitude, or else they will neither carry a good aim, nor fall down with a sufficient force.

Corpoream quoque enim vocem constare fatendum est,
Et sonitum, quoniam possunt impellere sensus.

Lucret. lib. 4.

LXV. A YOUNG AUTHOR.

Swift's idea of the terror of a young author at the fiery ordeal, through which he must pass on the commencement of his literary career, with the gradual disappearance of his fears, is highly striking and correct: it is in his epistle to Dr. Delany.

" As some raw youth in country bred,
To arms by thirst of honour led;
When at a skirmish first he hears
The bullets whistling round his ears,
Will duck his head aside, will start,
And feel a trembling at his heart;

'Till

'Till 'scaping oft' without a wound,
Lessens the terror of the sound;
Fly bullets now as thick as hops!
He runs into a cannon's chops;
—An author thus who pants for fame,
Begins the world with fear and shame;
When first in print, you see him dread
Each pop-gun levell'd at his head;
The lead yon critic's quill contains
Is destin'd to beat out his brains;
As if he heard loud thunders roll,
Cries, *Lord have mercy on his soul!*
Concluding that another shot
Would strike him dead upon the spot;
But, when with squibbing, slashing, popping,
He cannot see one creature dropping,
That missing fire, or missing aim,
His life is safe, I mean his fame,
The danger past, takes heart of grace,
And looks a critic in the face.

LXVI. MR. GAY.

Gay, "principally," as he says in a letter to Swift, "*by making use of those friends which*

which I owe entirely to you," was appointed Secretary to Lord Clarendon, Envoy Extraordinary to Hanover; on which occasion the Lord Treasurer (Oxford) had promised to fit him out, which gave rise to the following lines by way of *petition:*

I'm no more to converse with the swains,
But go where fine people resort:
One can live without money on plains,
But never without it at court.
If, when with the swains I did gambol,
I array'd me in silver and blue;
When abroad and in courts I shall ramble,
Pray, my Lord, how much money will do?

LXVII. STOCK-JOBBERS.

Swift's account of the origin of the term "Bears," in the language of this worthy fraternity, differs from the common one. He says, "He who sells that of which he is not possessed, is said, proverbially, to sell the *bear's skin*, while the bear runs in the woods: and it being common for stock-jobbers

bers to make contracts for transferring stock at a future time, though they were not possessed of the stock to be transferred, they were called sellers of bear-skins, or *Bears*." I cannot but think that the epithet more probably arises from the general character of this animal for *trampling under foot*; which agrees with their department of business, viz. to keep down the stocks.

LXVIII. LORD OXFORD.

Swift's friendship for Lord Oxford seems to have been warm and disinterested. In his Journal to Stella, soon after the Lord Treasurer's forced resignation, he says, "I told Lord Oxford I would go with him when he was out, and now he begs it of me, I cannot refuse him. I meddle not with his faults, as he was a minister of state, but you know his personal kindness to me was excessive. He distinguished and chose me above all other men, while he was great, and his letter to me the other day was the most moving imaginable."

LXIX.

LXIX. LORD HALIFAX.

Lord Halifax had a fine genius for poetry, and employed his more youthful part of life in the cultivation of that talent. He was distinguished by the name of *Mouse-Mountague*, having ridiculed, jointly with Matthew Prior, Mr. Dryden's famous poem of the Hind and Panther; the parody is drawn from Horace's fable of the City Mouse and Country Mouse: but afterwards, upon Mr. Mountague's promotion to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, Prior, with good humoured vexation at seeing his friend preferred and himself neglected, concludes an epistle, written in the year 1698, to Fleetwood Shepherd, Esq. with these three lines:

> My friend Charles Mountague's preferr'd;
> Nor would I have it long observ'd,
> That one mouse eats while *t'other's starv'd*.

Lord Halifax always paid the utmost attention to Swift, and overloaded him with compliments and promises, with which he could not have found a man more unlikely

to be deceived. On the 6th October, 1709, he wrote in these words to Swift: "I am quite ashamed for myself and my friends to see you left in a place so incapable of tasting you; and to see so much merit, and so great qualities, unrewarded by those who are sensible of them. Mr. Addison and I are entered into a new confederacy, never to give over the pursuit, nor to cease reminding those who can serve you, till your worth is placed in that light it ought to shine. Dr. South holds out still, but he cannot be immortal. The situation of his prebend* would make me doubly concerned in serving you: and, upon all occasions that shall offer, I will be your constant solicitor, your sincere admirer, and your unalterable friend. I am, &c. HALIFAX."

Swift wrote thus on the back of this letter: "*I kept this letter as a true original of courtiers and court promises*;" and in the first leaf

* Dr. South was Prebendary of Westminster; but did not die till July 8th, 1716.

of

of a small printed book, entitled *Poesies Chrétiennes de Mons. Jolliver*, he wrote these words: "*Given me by my Lord Halifax, May 3d, 1709; I begged it of him, and desired him to remember it was the only* FAVOUR *I ever received from him or his party.*"

LXX. DR. BERKELEY.

Swift thus happily ridicules Dr. Berkeley's system maintained in his book, where he attempts to prove, that all things supposed to depend upon a material world, subsist only in idea. He had just at this time recovered from a violent fever. "Poor philosopher Berkeley has now the *idea* of health, which was very hard to produce in him; for he had an *idea* of a strange fever upon him so strong, that it was very hard to destroy it by producing a contrary one."

LXXI. DR. ARBUTHNOT.

The gloomy feelings which Swift encouraged on finding himself condemned, in all probability, to pass the remainder of his

days in Ireland, produced a strong effect upon his health and spirits. He considered himself as driven into perpetual exile, and bade a final adieu to his friends, whom he desired to endeavour to forget him, as he should them; that they might not be harassed by the recollection of pleasures, a return of which they could never hope for. Between Swift and Dr. Arbuthnot there had always existed the most intimate and unreserved friendship. How much that excellent man felt on this occasion may be best seen in his own words: "Dear Friend, the last sentence of your letter quite kills me. Never repeat that melancholy tender word, that you will endeavour to forget me. I am sure I never can forget you, till I meet with (what is impossible) another whose conversation I can delight in so much as Dr. Swift's; and yet that is the smallest thing I ought to value you for. That hearty sincere friendship, that plain and open ingenuity in all your commerce, is what I am sure I never can find in another man. I shall want often a faithful

a faithful monitor, one that would vindicate me behind my back, and tell me my faults to my face. God knows I write this with tears in my eyes."

LXXII. A TRUE CRITIC.

A true critic hath one quality in common with a whore and an alderman, never to change his title or his nature.

LXXIII. DESCRIPTION OF A PRIME MINISTER.

The result of all Swift's acute observation and experience is exhausted in his description of a prime minister in the voyage to Brobdingnab; a stronger satire upon those with whom he was in habits of daily intimacy cannot be conceived. He says, "I told him (the King) that the first or chief minister of state was a creature wholly exempted from joy and grief, love and hatred, pity and anger; at least makes use of no other passions, but a violent desire of wealth, power, and titles; that he applies his words to all uses,

except to the indication of his mind; that he never tells a truth but with intent that you should take it for a lie, nor a lie but with a design that you should take it for a truth; that those he speaks worst of behind their backs, are in the surest way of preferment, and whenever he begins to praise you to others, or to yourself, you are from that day forlorn. The worst marks you can receive is a *promise*, especially when it is confirmed with an oath; after which, every wise man retires, and gives over all hopes."

LXXIV. GRUB STREET.

That Swift was a frequent contributor to the amusement which the town received from this memorable resort of all the scribblers of the day, appears from one of his own letters, where he says, "Grub-street has but ten days to live; then an act of Parliament takes places, that ruins it by taxing every half-sheet at a halfpenny. I plied it pretty close the last fortnight, and published at

at least seven penny papers of my own, besides some of other people's."

LXXV. EARL OF GODOLPHIN.

The Whigs lost a great support in the death of the Earl of Godolphin.* Swift says, "It is a good jest to hear the ministers talk of him now with humanity and pity, because he is dead, and can do them no more hurt."

LXXVI. LADY ORKNEY.

This lady's influence, it appears, did not terminate with the death of her royal master. Swift at least seems to give some importance to her advice. He says, "Lady Orkney, the late King's mistress, and I are grown mighty acquaintance. She is the wisest woman I ever saw, and the *Lord Treasurer made great use of her advice in the late change of affairs.*"

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* He died September 15th, 1712.

LXXVII. SAVAGE, EARL OF RIVERS.

In a letter to Mrs. Dingley, Swift gives this odd description of this nobleman's will. He says, "Did I tell you of Lord Rivers's will? He has left a legacy to about twenty paultry old whores by name, and not a farthing to any friend, dependant, or relation: he has left from his only child, Lady Barrymore, her mother's estate, and given the whole to his heir male, a popish priest, a second cousin, who is now Earl Rivers, and whom he used in his life like a footman: after him it goes to his chief wench and bastard. The Lord Treasurer and Lord Chamberlain are executors of this hopeful will. I loved the man, and detest his memory."

LXXVIII. A BOLD TRUTH.

Swift must have often experienced the truth of this observation: "To speak a bold truth, it is a fatal miscarriage so ill to order affairs, as to pass for a *fool* in one company, when

when in another you might be treated as a philosopher. *Est, quod gaudeas te in ista loca venisse, ubi aliquid sapere viderere.*"

LXXIX. INFLUENCE OF DIET AND CLIMATE, &c.

Though the following observation has a fanciful appearance, there is certainly much truth in it.

"If we take a survey of the greatest actions that have been performed in the world under the influence of single men; which are, *the establishment of new empires by conquest, the advance and progress of new schemes in philosophy*, and *the contriving, as well as propagating, of new religions*; we shall find the authors of them all to have been persons whose natural reason had admitted great revolutions from their diet, their education, the prevalency of some certain temper, together with the particular influence of air and climate."

LXXX. DISPUTANTS.

"Disputants are for the most part like unequal scales, where the *gravity* of one side advances the *lightness* of the other." *

* This was happily exemplified a few years ago in an honourable competition for fame between the scholars of our two great seminaries, Eton and Westminster. The former had produced a periodical work, called the MICROCOSM, which justly obtained considerable applause. The latter, determined not to be outdone, shewed their laudable emulation in bringing out shortly afterwards a work similar in plan, called the TRIFLER; but unfortunately, exulting too much in a supposed superiority, they added a frontispiece, representing justice holding a pair of scales, in which were the Etonians kicking the beam, and busily occupied in blowing soap-bubbles (an allusion to the name of their work) from a tobacco-pipe, while the preponderance of intrinsic merit in the Triflers sunk them to the bottom of the scale. The Etonians replied very successfully in the following epigram, which has been generally attributed to Mr. Canning.

What mean you by this print so rare,
Ye wits, of Eton jealous?
But that your rivals *soar in air*,
And you are *heavy* fellows!

LXXXI. DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

" The Lord Treasurer shewed us a small picture of the Queen, enamelled work, and set in gold, worth about twenty pounds, which she gave to the Duchess of Marlborough set in diamonds. When the Duchess was leaving England, she took off all the diamonds, and gave the picture to one Mrs. Higgins (an old intriguing woman whom every body knows) bidding her make the best of it she could. Lord Treasurer sent to Mrs. Higgins for this picture, and gave her one hundred pounds for it. Was ever such an ungrateful beast as that Duchess, or did you ever hear such a story? I suppose the Whigs will not believe it. She takes off the diamonds, and gives away the picture to an insignificant woman, as a thing of no consequence; and gives it her to sell, like a piece of old fashioned plate." If this anecdote of the Duchess be true, it proves

proves that all the stories about her, at least, were not calumnies.

LXXXII. SUPERFICIAL, IGNORANT, AND LEARNED READERS.

Swift, in the Tale of a Tub, makes a very happy division of his readers. He says, "Readers may be divided into three classes; the superficial, the ignorant, and the learned: and I have with much felicity fitted my pen to the genius and advantage of each. The *superficial* reader will be strangely provoked to *laughter*; which clears the breast and the lungs, is sovereign against the *spleen*, and the most innocent of all *diuretics*. The *ignorant* reader, between whom and the former the distinction is extremely nice, will find himself disposed to *stare*, which is an admirable remedy for ill eyes, serves to raise and enliven the spirits, and wonderfully help perspiration. But the reader truly *learned*, chiefly for whose benefit I wake when others sleep, and sleep when others wake, will here find

find sufficient matter to employ his speculations for the rest of his life."

LXXXIII. SCLAVONIAN PROVERB.

The old Sclavonian proverb said well, that it is with *men* as with asses, *whoever would keep them fast must find a very good hold at their ears*; yet I think we may affirm that it hath been verified by repeated experience, *Effugiet tamen hæc sceleratus vincula Proteus.*

LXXXIV. PERE D'ORLEANS.

Well fare the heart of that noble Jesuit who first adventured to confess in print, that books must be suited to their several seasons, like dress, and diet, and diversions: "and better fare our noble nation," exclaims Swift, "for refining upon this, among other French modes. I am living fast to see the time when a book that misses its tide, shall be neglected as the moon by day, or like mackarel a week after the season."

LXXXV. A BEGGAR'S WEDDING.

As Swift was fond of scenes in low life, he missed no opportunity of being present at them, when they fell in his way. Once when he was in the country he received intelligence that there was to be a beggar's wedding in the neighbourhood. He was resolved not to miss the opportunity of seeing so curious a ceremony, and that he might enjoy the whole completely, proposed to Dr. Sheridan that he should go thither disguised as a blind fiddler, with a bandage over his eyes, and he would attend him as his man to lead him. Thus accoutred, they reached the scene of action, where the blind fiddler was received with joyful shouts. They had plenty of meat and drink, and plied the fiddler and his man with more than was agreeable to them. Never was a more joyous wedding seen. They sung, they danced, told their stories, cracked jokes, &c. in a vein of humour more entertaining to the two guests than they probably could

could have found in any other meeting on a like occasion. When they were about to depart, they pulled out their leather pouches, and rewarded the fiddler very handsomely.

The next day, the Dean and the Doctor walked out in their usual dress, and found their companions of the preceding evening scattered about in different parts of the road and the neighbouring village, all begging their charity in doleful strains, and telling dismal stories of their distress. Among these they found some upon crutches, who had danced very nimbly at the wedding; others stone blind, who were perfectly clear sighted at the feast. The Doctor distributed among them the money which he had received as his pay; but the Dean, who mortally hated these sturdy vagrants, rated them soundly; told them in what manner he had been present at the wedding, and was let into their roguery; and assured them, if they did not immediately apply to honest labour, he would have them taken up, and sent to gaol. Whereupon the lame once

more recovered their legs, and the blind their eyes, so as to make a very precipitate retreat.

LXXXVI. A QUAKER'S LETTER FROM PHILADELPHIA TO JONATHAN SWIFT IN DUBLIN.

Chilad, March the 29th, 1729.

Friend Jonathan Swift,

Having been often greatly amused by thy Tale, &c. &c. and being now loading a small ship for Dublin, I have sent thee a *gammon*, the product of the wilds of America; which perhaps may not be unacceptable at thy table, since it is only designed to let thee know that thy wit and parts are here in esteem, at this distance from the place of thy residence. Thee needs ask no questions who this comes from, since I am a perfect stranger to thee.

LXXXVII. SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

Swift says, in a letter to Mrs. Dingley, "I played at one-and-thirty with the Lord Treasurer

Treasurer and his family the other night. He gave us all *twelve-pence* a piece to begin with. *It put me in mind of Sir William Temple.*" Sir William treated Swift with so little liberality, after encouraging him to hope he would provide for him, that it was like giving him a shilling to begin the world with.

LXXXVIII. CROMWELL'S NOTION OF LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE.

Liberty of conscience, properly speaking, is no more than the liberty of possessing our own thoughts and opinions, which every man enjoys without fear of a magistrate: but how far he shall publicly act in pursuance of those opinions is to be regulated by the laws of the country. Cromwell's notion upon this article was natural and right; when, upon the surrender of a town in Ireland, the popish governor insisted upon an article for liberty of conscience, Cromwell said, he meddled with no man's conscience;

but if, by *liberty of conscience*, the governor meant the *liberty of the mass*, he had express orders from the Parliament of England against admitting any such liberty at all.

LXXXIX. BISHOP BURNET.

This author is, in the most part, the worst qualified for an historian that I ever met with. His style is rough, full of impropriеties; his expressions often Scotch, and such as are used by the meanest people. His observations are mean and trite, and very often false. His Secret History is generally made up of coffee-house scandals, or at best from reports at the third, or fourth, or fifth hand. The account of the Pretender's birth would only become an old woman in a chimney corner. After all, he was a man of generosity and good nature, and very communicative; but, in his last ten years, was absolutely party mad, and fancied he saw popery under every bush. He hath told me many passages not mentioned in his History, and many that are, but with several circumstances

circumstances suppressed or altered. He never gives a good character without one essential point, that the person was tender to dissenters.

Setting up for a maxim, laying down for a maxim, clapt up, and some other words and phrases, he uses many hundred times.

Cut out for a court, a pardoning planet, clapt up, left in the lurch, the mob, outed, a great beauty, went roundly to work: all these phrases, used by the vulgar, shew him to have kept mean or illiterate company in his youth.

XC. ABBE' GAUTIER.

To-night I must see the Abbé Gautier to get some particulars for my History.* It was he who was first employed by France in the overtures of peace, and I have not had time this month to see him. He is but a puppy too!

* Probably that of the peace of Utrecht.

XCI. LOVE.

The other day, Lady Orkney and I had a long discourse about *love*. She told me a saying of her sister Fitzharding, which I thought excellent, *that in men desire begets love, and in women, love begets desire.*

XCII. DUKE OF HAMILTON AND LORD MOHUN.

This morning at eight, my man brought me word of the most terrible accident that hath almost ever happened; that the Duke of Hamilton had fought with Lord Mohun, and killed him, and was brought home wounded: in short, they fought at seven this morning: The dog Mohun was killed on the spot; but, while the Duke was over him, Mohun, shortening his sword, stabbed him in at the shoulder to the heart. The Duke was helped towards the Cake House by the ring in Hyde Park (where they fought), and died on the grass before he could reach the house, and was brought home

home in his coach by eight, while the poor Duchess was asleep. Macartney and one Hamilton were the seconds, who fought likewise, and are both fled. I am told, that a footman of Lord Mohun's stabbed the Duke, and some say that Macartney did so too. Mohun gave the affront, and yet sent the challenge. I am infinitely concerned for the poor Duke, who was a frank, honest, good natured man. I loved him very well, and I think he loved me better. He had the greatest mind in the world to have me go with him to France, but durst not tell it me; and those he did tell, said I could not be spared, which was true.

XCIII. THE SPANISH AMBASSADOR'S MESSAGE TO SWIFT.

"This day se'nnight, after I had been talking at court with Sir William Wyndham, the Spanish Ambassador came to him, and said he heard that was Dr. Swift, and desired him to tell me, that his master, and the King of France and the Queen, were

obliged to me more than to any man in Europe; so we bowed, and shook hands, &c. I took it very well of him." It may, perhaps, be thought strange, that Swift should be gratified by being told he was the best friend of the enemies of his country.

XCIV. DR. PARNELL.

I gave Lord Bolingbroke a poem of Parnell's.* I made Parnell insert some compliments in it to his Lordship. He is extremely pleased with it, and read some parts of it to-day to the Lord Treasurer, who liked it as much: and, indeed, he outdoes all our poets here at bar's-length. Lord Bolingbroke has ordered me to bring him to dinner on Christmas Day. It may one day do Parnell a kindness.

* It is not in the collection published by Mr. Pope in 1726, but it is printed in Dr. Parnell's posthumous works, p. 248, published at Dublin in 1758, and entitled, On Queen Anne's peace, 1713.

XCV. MACARTNEY.

We hear Macartney is gone over to Ireland. Was it not comical for a gentleman to be set upon by highwaymen, and to tell them he was Macartney?* upon which they brought him to a justice of peace in hopes of a reward, and the rogues were sent to gaol. Was it not great presence of mind?

XCVI. PARTY.

It was a usual subject of raillery towards the Dean among the ministers, that he never came to them without a Whig in his sleeve. He says in one of his letters, "Do you know I have taken more pains to recommend the Whig wits to the favour and mercy of the ministers than any other people? *Steele* I have kept in his place. *Congreve* I have got to be used kindly, and secured. *Rowe* I have recommended, and

* Macartney was Lord Mohun's second in the duel between him and the Duke of Hamilton, and fled on that occasion. See page 103.

got

got a promise of a place. *Philips* I should certainly have provided for if he had not run party-mad, and made me withdraw my recommendations. I set *Addison* so right at first that he might have been employed, and have partly secured him the place he has; yet I am worse used by that party than any man."

XCVII. LADY ASHBURNHAM.

"I am just now told that poor Lady Ashburnham, the Duke of Ormond's daughter, died yesterday, at her country house. The poor creature was with child; she was my greatest favourite, and I am in excessive concern for her death. I hardly knew a more valuable person on all accounts. Pray condole with me. 'Tis extremely moving. I hate life when I think it exposed to such accidents, and to see so many thousand wretches burthening the earth, while such as she dies, makes me think God did never intend life for a blessing." From these expressions, and those used in the account of the

the Duchess of Hamilton's affliction on the death of her husband, Swift appears to have had a strong sympathy in the distress of others, which he has generally, even by his advocates, been supposed to want.

XCVIII. SATIRE UPON DRESS AND FASHION.

The *grand monde* worship a sort of idol, which daily creates men by a kind of manufactory operation. This *idol** is placed in the highest parts of the house, on an altar erected about three feet; he is shewn in the posture of a Persian Emperor, sitting on a *superficies*, with his legs interwoven under him. This god had a *goose* for his ensign; whence it is that some learned men pretend to deduce his original from *Jupiter Capitalinus*. At his left hand, beneath the altar, *Hell* seemed to open and catch at the animals the idol was creating; to prevent which, certain of his priests hourly flung in

* By this *idol* is meant a taylor.

pieces

pieces of the uninformed mass, or substance, and sometimes whole limbs already enlivened, which that horrid gulph insatiably swallowed, terrible to behold. The *goose* was also held a subaltern divinity, or *deus minorum gentium*, before whose shrine was sacrificed that creature, whose hourly food is human gore, and who is in so great renown abroad for being the delight and favourite of the *Egyptian Cercopithecus*.* Millions of these animals are hourly sacrificed every day to appease the hunger of that consuming deity. The *chief idol* was also worshipped as the inventor of the *yard* and *needle*, whether as the god of seamen, or on account of certain other mystical attributes, which hath not sufficiently been cleared.

* The Egyptians worshipped a monkey, which animal is very fond of eating lice, styled here, creatures that feed on human gore—an animal not once mentioned by Jablonsky, though Juvenal, at the opening of the 15th Satire, says, "*Effigies sacri nitet aurea* CERCOPITHECI."

XCIX. HUMOROUS LINES BY LORD TREASURER OXFORD; SENT TO DEAN SWIFT, DR. ARBUTHNOT, MR. POPE, AND MR. GAY; WITH THEIR ANSWER: CHIEFLY WRITTEN BY THE DEAN.

April 14, 1714, Back Stairs, past eight.

Gay.

In a summons so large which all clergy contains,
I must turn Dismal's* convert, or part with my brains,
Should I scruple to quit the back-stairs for your blind ones,
Or refuse your true Junto† for one of———

---

* Dismal was Lord Nottingham.

† Dr. Swift, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Pope, and Mr. Gay, were writing the History of Martinus Scriblerus; and these four wits in conjunction, are styled by the Lord Treasurer the Junto.

Their

Their Answer.

Let not the Whigs our Tory club rebuke,
Give us our Earl;* the devil take their Duke:†
Quædam quæ attinent ad Scriblerum
Want your assistance now to clear 'em.
One day it will be no disgrace
In Scribbler to have had a place.
Come then, my Lord, and take your part in
The important History of Martin.

The Dean.

A pox on all senders
For any Pretenders,
Who tell us these troublesome stories,
In their dull humdrum key,
" Of *arma virumque*
Hanoniæ qui primus ab oris."

A pox too on Hanmer,‡
Who prates like his gran-mère,

* Lord Oxford.

† Duke of Marlborough.

‡ Sir Thomas Hanmer, Speaker of the House of Commons.

And

And all his old friends would rebuke.
In spite of the carl
Give us but our Earl,
The devil may take their Duke.

Then come and take part in
The memoirs of Martin,
Lay down your white staff and grey habit:
For trust us, friend Mortimer,
Should you live years forty more,
"*Hæc olim meminisse juvabit.*"

More Lines of Humour by the Lord Treasurer.

April 14th, 1714.

I honour the men, Sir,
Who are ready to answer,
When I ask them to stand by the Queen;
In spite of orâtors,
And blood-thirsty praters,
Whose hatred I highly esteem.
Let our faith's defender,
Keep out every Pretender,
And long enjoy her own;
Thus you four, five,
May merrily live,
Till faction is dead as a stone.

C. SIMILES.

Is not religion a *cloak*; honesty a *pair of shoes* worn out in the dirt; self-love a *surtout*; vanity a *shirt*; and conscience a *pair of breeches*, which, though a cover for lewdness, as well as nastiness, is easily slipt down for the service of both?

CI. DENNIS THE CRITIC.

Dennis, commonly called the *Critic*, who had written a three-penny pamphlet against the power of France, being in the country, and hearing of a French privateer hovering about the coast, although he were twenty miles from the sea, fled to town, and told his friends they need not wonder at his haste; for the King of France, having gotten intelligence where he was, had sent a privateer on purpose to catch him.

CII. A MOTTO FOR THE JESUITS.

Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris.

CIII.

CIII. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE AND MR. GAY.

Mr. Gay was a very great favourite of Mrs. Howard's (afterwards Countess of Suffolk), and wrote a very ingenious book of fables for the use of her younger son; she often promised to provide for him, but some time before, there came out a libel against Mr. Walpole, who was informed it was written by Mr. Gay; and although Mr. Walpole afterwards owned that he was convinced it was not written by Mr. Gay, yet he never would pardon him, but did him an hundred ill offices with the Princess,* and could hardly be persuaded to let him hold a poor little office for a second year, of commissioner to a lottery. Swift,

* The Princess, on her accession to the throne, once said (alluding to one of the fables), "*that she would take up the hare*;" but in the event, through the management of Sir Robert Walpole, it proved only an offer to be a gentleman usher to a girl two years old, which all his friends advised him to reject.

after expressing some indignation at this conduct, says, in one of his letters, "Mr. Gay is, in all regards, as honest and sincere a man as ever I knew; whereof neither ministers or princes are able to judge, or inclined to encourage: which is not so high a reach of politics as they usually suppose, for, however insignificant wit, learning, and virtue may be thought in the world, it would, perhaps, do government no hurt to have a little of them on its side."

CIV. MR. POPE.

Swift, speaking of Mr. Pope, says, "Mr. Pope, beside his natural and acquired talents, is a gentleman of very extraordinary *candour*, and is consequently apt to be too great a believer of assurances, promises, professions, encouragements, and the like words of course. He asks nothing; and thinks, like a philosopher, that he wants nothing." Swift did not always continue in this opinion of our great poet; for Mr. George Faulknor, of Dublin, who had ample opportunities

tunities of knowing Swift's real sentiments towards the latter part of his life, told Dr. Birch, in a conversation between them on the 17th of August 1749, "that Swift had long conceived a mean opinion of Mr. Pope, on account of his jealous, peevish, avaricious temper. Swift gave Pope the property of his Gulliver, the copy of which he sold for 300l. and gave up to him, in 1727, his share of the copy of the three volumes of *Miscellanies*, which came to 150l. Swift was also angry with Pope for his satire upon Mr. Addison, whom he esteemed as an honest, generous, friendly man. Worsdale the painter was employed by Pope to go to Curl, in the habit of a clergyman, and sell him the letters which are printed, a copy of which Pope sent to Swift in Ireland, by Mr. Gerard, an Irish gentleman, then at Bath: this induced Swift to give Mr. Faulknor leave to reprint them in Dublin, though Mr. Pope's edition was published first." * It is very difficult to

* See Dr. Birch's MSS. Brit. Mus.

reconcile all this with the constant expressions of confidence, friendship, and esteem, which so universally pervade the correspondence of these two illustrious men, of which many instances will occur.

CV. HISTORIES OF ENGLAND.

The learned Mr. Carte,* in his correspondence with Swift, gives a very true account of our historians and histories. He says, "It has long been a subject of complaint in England, that no history has yet been written of it upon proper materials; and even those who have taken notice of the military

* This indefatigable historian was induced by the enumeration of these defects, and at the request of several noblemen and gentlemen, who subscribed to allow him a thousand pounds a year, so long as he was occupied in writing his history, to undertake that work. It is well known that he extracted and transcribed the whole of the MSS. in the Scotch College at Paris, and which were sold after his death to the late Mr. Cadell, who lent them to Mr. M'Pherson when composing his History, and where they now are is not certainly known.

actions

actions of our ancestors, have yet left the civil history of the kingdom (the most instructive of any) untouched, for want of a proper knowledge of the antiquities, usages, laws, and constitution of this nation. *Rapin de Toiras*, the last writer, was a foreigner, utterly ignorant in these respects, and writing his history abroad, had no means of clearing up any difficulties that he met with therein. He made, indeed, some use of Rymer's Fœdera; but his ignorance of our customs, suffered him to fall into gross mistakes, for want of understanding the phraseology of acts which have reference to our particular customs. Besides, Rymer's collection contains only such treaties as were enrolled in the Tower, or in the rolls of Chancery; he knew nothing of such as were enrolled in the Exchequer, and of the public treaties with foreign princes enrolled in this latter office. I have now a list of above four hundred by me. *Rymer* never made use of that vast collection of materials for an English history which is preserved in the

Cotton Library: nor even consulted any journal of our Privy Council, whenever he refers to any, still quoting Bishop Burnet for his author. He never read the rolls of Parliament, nor any journal of either House, where the chief affairs *within* the nation are transacted; and did not so much as know there was such a place as the Paper Office, where all the letters of the English ambassadors abroad, and all the dispatches of our secretaries of state at home, from the time of Edward the Fourth to the Revolution (since which the secretaries have generally carried away their papers*) are kept in a good method, and with great regularity; so that he wanted likewise the best materials for an account of our foreign affairs."

CVI. CHURCHES.

Query—Whether churches are not dormitories of the living, as well as the dead?

* This highly improper practice is now discontinued, and an office established where the papers are regularly preserved.

CVII. MRS. MAPP THE MOUNTEBANK.

One Mrs. Mapp, a famous she bone-setter and mountebank, coming to town with a coach and six horses, on the Kentish road was met by a rabble of people, who, seeing her very oddly and tawdrily dressed, took her for a foreigner, and concluded she must be a certain great person's mistress. Upon this they followed the coach, bawling out, No Hanover whore! No Hanover whore! The lady within the coach was much offended, let down the glass, and screamed louder than any of them, she was no Hanover whore—she was an English one! Upon which they cried out, God bless your ladyship! quitted the pursuit, and wished her a good journey.

CVIII. LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH.

Louis the Fourteenth of France spent his life in turning his *good name* into a *great*.

CIX. JONATHAN GULLIVER.

Pope, in a letter to Swift, says, "I send you a very odd thing, a paper printed in Boston, in New England, wherein you'll find a real person, a member of their parliament, of the name of *Jonathan Gulliver*. If the fame of that traveller has travelled thither, it has travelled very quick, to have folks christened already by the name of the supposed author: but if you object that no child so lately christened, could be arrived at years of maturity to be elected into parliament, I reply (to solve the riddle), that the person is an Anabaptist, and not christened till full age, which sets all right. However it be, the accident is very singular that these two names should be united."

CX. LEMUEL GULLIVER.

Swift, in his reply to Mr. Pope's letter above mentioned, says, "I have with great pleasure shewn the New England newspaper with the two names *Jonathan Gulliver*; and remember

remember Mr. Fortescue* sent you an account from the assizes of one *Lemuel Gulliver*, who had a cause there, and lost it on his ill reputation of being a liar. These are not the only observations I have made upon odd strange accidents in trifles, which in things of great importance would have been matter for historians."

CXI. A GREAT LIBRARY.

"A great library always makes me melancholy, where the best author is as much squeezed, and as obscure, as a porter at a coronation. In my own little library, I value the compilements of Grævius and Gronovius, which make thirty-one volumes in folio, more than all my books beside; because whoever comes into my closet, casts his eyes immediately upon them, and will not vouchsafe to look upon Plato or Xenophon." Swift never wanted occasions to

* A barrister; author of the Law Report, STRADLING v. STYLES.

make

make him melancholy; but this observation must have been felt, even by those of the most lively temper.

CXII. COUNTRY SIGNS.

A common observation is here exemplified, with what trifles the greatest men amuse themselves. Swift says, in his Journal to Stella, "When my Lord Oxford and I came last Monday from Windsor, we amused ourselves with reading all the signs on the road. He is a pure trifler.* I made him

* See Swift's Imitations of Horace, lib. 2, sat. 6, to some lines in which this whim seems to have given rise:

"'Tis (let me see) three years and more
(October next it will be four)
Since Harley bid me first attend,
And chose me for an humble friend;
Would take me in his coach to chat,
And question me of this and that;
As, "What's o'clock?" and "How's the wind?"
—"Whose chariot's that we left behind?"

Or

him make two lines in verse for the Bell and Dragon, and they were rare bad ones."

CXIII. SECRETARY ST. JOHN (AFTERWARDS LORD BOLINGBROKE).

Swift was always renowned for a dashing hand at the broad outline of a character; here is an instance of it: "I think Mr. St. John the greatest young man I ever knew; wit, capacity, beauty, quickness of apprehension, good learning, and an excellent taste; the best orator in the House of Commons; admirable conversation, good nature, and good manners; generous, and a despiser of money. His only fault is talking to his

---

Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country signs;
Or, "Have you nothing new to-day
From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?"
Such tattle often entertains
My Lord and me as far as Staines,
As once a week we travel down
To Windsor and again to town,
Where all that passes *inter nos*
Might be proclaimed at Charing Cross.

friends

friends in way of complaint of too great a load of business, which looks a little like affectation: and he endeavours too much to mix the fine gentleman and man of pleasure with the man of business. What truth and sincerity he may have I know not! He is now but thirty-two, and has been secretary above a year! He turns the whole Parliament, who can do nothing without him."

CXIV. MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

"The Lord Treasurer (the Earl of Oxford) calls me now Dr. *Martin*, because Martin is a sort of a swallow, and so is a *Swift*."—*Journal to Stella.*

From this pleasantry of my Lord Oxford, the appellative Martinus Scriblerus took its rise.

CXV. PRINCE EUGENE'S TIE WIG.

A whimsical circumstance occurred on Prince Eugene's going to Court; Swift gives this account of it: "When Mr. Secretary St. John went to conduct him, he found him

him in the utmost confusion imaginable: Hoffmann, the Emperor's resident, had told his Highness that morning, that it was impossible for him to go to Court without a *long wig*, and his was a tied up one. "How!" said the Prince; "I know not what to do, for I never had a long periwig in my life; and I have sent to all my valets and footmen to see whether any of them have one, that I might borrow it, but not one of them has such a thing. What am I to do?" It was with the utmost difficulty the Secretary could convince him it was a thing of no consequence, and only observed by gentlemen-ushers. The Prince was very plain, plaguy yellow besides, and literally ugly."

CXVI. GREAT CHANGES IN A COMMONWEALTH.

"All great changes have the same effect upon commonwealths, that thunder has upon liquors, making the dregs fly up to the top; the lowest plebeians rise to the head of affairs,

fairs, and there preserve themselves by representing the nobles, and other friends to the old government, as enemies to the public." Recent occurrences afford ample illustration of this remark.

CXVII. EPIGRAM,

On seeing a worthy Prelate go out of Church in the time of *Divine Service*, to wait on his Grace the Duke of Dorset.

Lord Pam in the church (could you think it?) kneel'd down;
When told the lieutenant was just come to town,
His *station* despising, unaw'd by the *place*,
He flies from his *God* to attend on his Grace:
To the *Court* it was fitter to pay his *devotion*,
Since God had no hand in his Lordship's promotion.

CXVIII. HARRY KILLEGREW.

Harry Killegrew said to Lord Wharton, "You would not swear at this rate if you thought you were doing God honour."

CXIX.

CXIX. JACQUES CLEMENT, THE ASSASSIN.

Jacques Clement, the monk who stabbed Henry the Third of France, was a sort of buffoon, whom the rest of the friars used to make sport of; but at last, giving his folly a serious turn, it ended in enthusiasm, and qualified him for that desperate act of murdering his King.

CXX. PRIDE OF FAMILY.

Those who rise from mean originals take mighty pride to convince the world they are not so low as is commonly believed. "Cromwell himself," observes Swift, "was pleased with the impudence of a flatterer, who undertook to prove him descended from a branch of the royal stem: and there is a citizen* who adds or alters a letter in his name with every *plum* he acquires; he now only wants the change of a vowel† to

* Sir H. Furnese.

† Farnese.

be

be allied to a sovereign Prince in Italy; and that, perhaps, he may contrive to have done by a mistake of the 'graver on his tomb-stone."

CXXI. VERSES WRITTEN IN A LADY'S IVORY TABLE-BOOK.

Peruse my leaves through every part,
And think thou see'st my owner's heart,
Scrawl'd o'er with trifles thus, and quite
As hard, as senseless, and as light;
Expos'd to every coxcomb's eyes,
But hid with caution from the wise.
Here you may read—*dear charming saint,*
Beneath—*a true receipt for paint:*
Here, in beau spelling—*tru tel deth;*
There, in her own—*far an el breth;*
Here—*lovely nymph, pronounce my doom:*
There—*a safe way to use perfume.*
Here a page fill'd with billet-doux;
On t'other side—*laid out for shoes:*
Madam, I die without your grace;
Item—*for half a yard of lace.*

Who

Who that had wit would place it here
For ev'ry peeping fop to jeer?
Whoe'er expects to hold his part
In such a book and such a heart,
If he be wealthy and a fool,
Is in all points the fittest tool;
Of whom it may be justly said,
He's a gold pencil tipp'd with lead.

CXXII. LORD TREASURER HARLEY.

Swift wrote four lines extempore with his pencil in the Lord Treasurer's house when he lay wounded. They were inscribed to his physicians: thus,

"On Britain, Europe's safety lies;
Britain is lost if Harley dies:
Harley depends upon your skill:
Think what you save, or what you kill."

CXXIII. LORD STRAFFORD.

"There is a foolish story got about town, that Lord Strafford, one of our plenipotentiaries, is in the interests of France; and it

has been a good while said the Lord Privy Seal * and he do not agree very well; they are both long practised in business, but neither of them have much parts. Strafford has some life and spirits, but is infinitely proud, and wholly illiterate."

CXXIV. NEW MINISTRIES.

There is one thing in all new ministries; for the first week or two they are in a hurry, or not to be seen; and when you come afterwards, they are engaged.

CXXV. DUKE OF ORMOND.

Swift's tenderness of heart frequently appears in his correspondence; for instance, on visiting the Duke and Duchess of Ormond on the death of their daughter, Lady Ashburnham, speaking of the Duke, he says, "He bore up as well as he could, but something falling accidentally in discourse, the tears were just falling out of his eyes,

* Dr. John Robinson, Bishop of Bristol.

and

and I looked off to give him an opportunity (which he took) of wiping them with his handkerchief. I never saw any thing so moving, nor such a mixture of greatness of mind, and tenderness and discretion."

CXXVI. MR. CÆSAR.

An itch for punning was a constant attendant of Swift's. He dined one day in company with the Lord Keeper, his son, and their two ladies, with Mr. *Cæsar*, Treasurer of the Navy, at his house in the city. They happened to talk of Brutus, and Swift said something in his praise; when it struck him immediately that he had made a blunder in doing so; and therefore recollecting himself, he said, "*Mr. Cæsar, I beg your pardon.*"

CXXVII. PERFECTION IN WRITING.

Pausanias is of opinion, that the perfection of correct writing was entirely owing to the institution of critics; and that he can possibly mean no other than the true critic,

is, " I think," says Swift, " manifest enough from the following description. He says, " They were a race of men who delighted to nibble at the superfluities and excrescencies of books, which the learned at length observing, took warning of their own accord to lop the luxuriant, the rotten, the dead, the sapless, and the overgrown branches, from their works." But now all this he cunningly shades under the following allegory; that " *the Nauplians*, in Argos, learned the art of pruning their vines by observing that when an Ass had browsed upon one of them, *it thrived the better, and bore fairer fruit.*"

CXXVIII. NEW MATTER FOR COMPOSITION.

" It is reckoned that there is not at this present time a sufficient quantity of new matter left in nature to furnish and adorn any one particular subject to the extent of a volume." Nothing has appeared since Swift's time to prove this opinion erroneous.

CXXIX.

CXXIX. LORD OXFORD'S MINISTRY.

The great fault of this Lord's administration certainly was DELAY, of which the Queen had a great deal. Of the Lord Treasurer, Dr. Arbuthnot jocularly said, "The law of nature to which he is most subject, is *remanere in statû quo, nisi deturbetur ab extrinseco.*" Swift appears frequently to have spoken his sentiments on this fatal system of procrastination with great freedom. Harley was generally allowed to be the most reserved and mysterious of all politicians, yet to Swift he was open and explicit, whose frankness was very different from that servility and adulation which people in high situations generally meet with. Swift had once received a present from Mr. Hill, governor of Dunkirk, of a tortoise-shell snuff-box, lined with gold, and painted on the inside of the lid, with a view of Venice. This present he shewed one day to Harley, who, having admired the painting and the workmanship, at last spied

a figure studded on the outside of the bottom, which he thought resembled a goose, upon which, turning to the Doctor, "*Jonathan*," says he, "*I think they have made a goose of thee.*"—"*Yes, my Lord*," said the Doctor; "*but if your Lordship will look a little farther, you will see that I am driving a snail before me*;" which indeed happened to be the device. To this the Earl coolly replied, "*That is severe enough, Jonathan; but I deserve it.*"

CXXX. FOLLY.

The famous *Troglodyte Philosopher* says, "It is certain some grains of folly are of course annexed as part of the composition of human nature; only the choice is left us, whether we please to wear them *inlaid* or embossed; and we need not go very far to seek how that is usually determined, when we remember it is with human faculties, as with liquors, the lightest will ever be at the top."

CXXXI. WIND.

The learned Æolists maintain the original cause of all things to be *wind*, from which principle this whole universe was first produced, and into which it must at last be resolved; that the same breath which had kindled, and blew *up* the flame of nature, should one day blow it *out:*

Quod procul a nobis flectat fortuna gubernans.

CXXXII. A DUKEDOM.

When we are once conversant with great things and great men about court, how astonishingly, in a short time, it alters our manner both of expression and thought. Swift, for instance, seems to think nothing of being the solicitor for Lord Abercorn to get him a Dukedom. He says, "I have had a letter from Lord Abercorn to get him the Dukedom of Chatelleraut from the King of France, in which I will do what I can, for his pretensions are very just. It is a great air this, getting a Dukedom from the King

of France; but it is only to speak to the secretary, and get the Duke of Ormond to engage in it, and mention the case to the Lord Treasurer, &c. &c. &c. and this I shall do!!"

CXXXIII. PLACEMEN.

When the bill limiting the number of places to be held by members of Parliament was brought in, Swift justly observed, that it was certainly a good bill in the reign of an ill Prince; "but," says he, "I think things are not settled enough for it at present, and the Court may want a majority at a pinch." A little time proved that his provident mind was not deceived; the Court did want a majority, and the ministry were obliged to resort to a most unconstitutional interference to obtain it; viz. the creation of twelve new peers at one time.

CXXXIV. LENT.

Swift would have made but a poor devotee. The mortifications and fastings of the

the Roman Catholic church do not seem to have at all suited his stomach. He says, "I hate Lent; I hate different diets, and furmity and butter, and herb porridge, and the sour, devout, starving faces of people who only put on religion for seven weeks."

CXXXV. NEW WITS.

"I hate to have any new wits rise; but when they do rise, I would encourage them; they tread on our heels, and thrust us off the stage." The number who agree in opinion with Swift on this point is far from small; but how few, like him, have the candour, or the boldness to express it!

CXXXVI. PRIOR.

It has frequently been observed, that ministers give the same places to men who are little better than machines, and a man of talents and enlightened understanding. So long as it is a place, they care for nothing more. Thus, they made Prior a commissioner of the customs, which, Swift says, "he

" he hated, because it spoiled his wit, and he could dream of nothing but cockets and dockets, and drawbacks, and other jargon-words of the custom-house."

CXXXVII. COVETOUSNESS.

" The character of covetousness is what a man generally acquires more through some niggardliness or ill grace in little and inconsiderable things, than in expenses of any consequence. A very few pounds a year would ease that man of the scandal of avarice." What a pity it is, that Swift so soon forgot this maxim himself!

CXXXVIII. DR. BERKELEY.

Swift, in a letter to Lord Carteret, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, thus speaks of this famous philosopher, who was then filled with his project for establishing a college at Bermudas, which, after the utmost perseverance, and three years residence, he was obliged to abandon, finding his plan impracticable: " There is a gentleman of this kingdom

kingdom just gone for England; it is Dr. George Berkeley, Dean of Derry. He takes the Bath in his way to London, and will of course attend your excellency: and, perhaps, you may not be ill entertained with some account of the man and his errand. He was a fellow in the university here, and going to England very young, about thirteen years ago, he became the founder of a sect there, called the *Immaterialists*, by the force of a very curious book upon that subject. Dr. Smalridge, and many other eminent persons, were his proselytes. I sent him secretary and chaplain to Sicily, with my Lord Peterborough, and upon his Lordship's return, Dr. Berkeley spent above seven years in travelling over most parts of Europe, but chiefly through every corner of Italy, Sicily, and other islands. When he came back to England, he found so many friends that he was effectually recommended to the Duke of Grafton, by whom he was lately made Dean of Derry. Your excellency will be frightened when I tell you all this

this is but an introduction; and I must now mention his errand. He is an absolute philosopher with regard to money, titles, and power, and, for three years past, has been struck with a notion of founding an university at Bermudas, by a charter from the crown. He has seduced several of the hopefullest young clergymen and others here, many of them well provided for, and all in the fairest way of preferment: but in England his conquests are greater, and I doubt will spread very far this winter. He shewed me a little tract which he designs to publish, and there your excellency will see his whole scheme of a life academico-philosophical (I shall make you remember what you were) of a college founded for Indian scholars and missionaries, where he most exorbitantly proposes a whole hundred pounds a year for himself, forty pounds for a fellow, and ten for a student. His heart will break if his deanery be not taken from him, and left to your excellency's disposal. I discouraged him by the coldness of courts and ministers,

who

who will interpret all this as impossible, and a vision; but nothing will do: and, therefore, I do humbly intreat your excellency, either to use such persuasions as will keep one of the first men in the kingdom for learning and virtue quiet at home, or assist him by your credit to compass his romantic design; which, however, is very noble and generous, and directly proper for a great person of your excellent education to encourage."

CXXXIX. LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Swift thus expresses himself in a letter to Lord Bolingbroke, dated August 7th, 1714, being a short time after his Lordship's resignation:

"As to what is to come, your Lordship is in the prime of your years, *plein des esprits qui fournissent les esperances*, and you are now again to act that part (though in another assembly) which you formerly discharged so much to your own honour, and the advantage of your cause. You set out with

with the wind and the tide against you; yet at last arrived at your port, from whence you are now driven back into open sea again. But, not to involve myself in an allegory, I doubt whether, after this disappointment, you can go on with the same vigour you did in your more early youth. Experience, which has added to your wisdom, has lessened your resolution. You are now a General, who, after many victories, has lost a battle, and have not the same confidence in yourself or your troops. Your fellow-labourers have either made their fortunes, or are past them, or will go over to seek them on the same side."

CXL. SATIRE.

Satire is a sort of glass, wherein beholders do generally discover every body's face but their own; which is their chief reason for that kind reception it meets with in the world, and that so very few are offended with it.

CXLI. ANGRY PERSONS.

"I have learnt from long experience," says Swift, "never to apprehend mischief from those understandings I have been able to provoke: for anger and fury, though they add strength to the *sinews* of the body, yet are found to relax those of the mind, and to render all its efforts feeble and impotent."

CXLII. WIT WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE.

Wit without knowledge is a sort of cream which gathers in a night to the top, and by a skilful hand may be soon whipped into *froth*; but once scummed away, what appears underneath, will be fit for nothing but to be thrown to the hogs.

CXLIII. CRITICISM.

Nothing can be finer than Swift's description of the dwelling and attendants of criticism in the Battle of the Books: "This malignant deity dwelt on the top of a snowy mountain

mountain in Nova Zembla: Momus found her extended in her den upon the spoils of numberless volumes half devoured. At her right hand sat *Ignorance*, her father and husband, blind with age; at her left, *Pride*, her mother, dressing her up in the scraps of paper herself had torn. There was *Opinion*, her sister, light of foot, hood-winked, and headstrong, yet giddy and perpetually turning. About her played her children, *Noise and Impudence, Dulness and Vanity, Positiveness, Pedantry, and Ill Manners.*"

CXLIV. SIR JOHN DENHAM.

Sir John Denham's poems are very unequal, extremely good, and very indifferent. Swift seems to have thought that he was not the real author of Cooper's Hill.

CXLV. ORIGIN OF THE TERM ROUNDHEADS.

The fanatics in the time of Charles the First, ignorantly applying the text, "Ye know that it is a shame for men to have long

long hair," cut theirs very short. It is said, that the Queen once seeing Pym, a celebrated patriot, thus cropped, inquired who that *round-headed man* was; and that from this incident the distinction became general, and the party were called round-heads.

CXLVI. A COMMON INFIRMITY.

It is a very common infirmity of human nature, which inclines us to be most curious and conceited in matters where we have the least concern, and for which we are least adapted either by study or nature.

CXLVII. A PUN.

Nothing can more strongly shew Swift's fondness for puns of all sorts, than an extract from one of his letters. "The Bishop of Clogher has made an if-pun that he is mighty proud of, and designs to send it over to his brother Tom: but Sir Andrew Fountain has written to Tom Ashe last post, told him the pun, and desired him to send it over to the Bishop as his own; and if it

 succeeds,

succeeds, it will be a pure bite. I'll tell you the pun. If there was a *hackney coach* at Mr. *Pooley's* door, what town in Egypt would it be? Why, it would be *Hecatompolis*; *Hack at Tom Pooley's*. Silly!"

CXLVIII. REHEARSALS.

The rehearsal of Mr. Addison's Cato is well enough described in the Journal: "I was this morning at ten at the rehearsal of Mr. Addison's play called *Cato*. We stood on the stage, and it was foolish enough to see the actors prompted every moment, and the poet directing them; and that drab* that acts Cato's daughter, out in the midst of a passionate part, and then calling out, *What's next?*"

CXLIX. COMPARISONS.

Undoubtedly, philosophers are in the right when they tell us, that nothing is great or little otherwise than by *comparison*.

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* Mrs. Oldfield.

CL. BRUTUS.

Swift seems to have had great veneration for the character of Brutus. Speaking of him he says, "In Brutus we may discover the greatest firmness and intrepidity of mind, the most consummate virtue, the truest love of his country, and general benevolence for mankind, in every lineament of his countenance: and it may be freely confessed, that the greatest actions of Cæsar's life were not equal to the glory of taking it away."

CLI. KNOWLEDGE OF GOVERNING.

The knowledge of governing may be confined within very narrow bounds; to common sense and reason, to justice and lenity, to the speedy determination of civil and criminal causes, with some other obvious topics which are not worth considering: "and it is my opinion," says Swift, "that whoever can make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one

grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together."

CLII. NEW SYSTEMS OF NATURE.

New systems of nature are but new fashions, which will vary in every age; and even those who pretend to demonstrate them from mathematical principles, will flourish but a short period of time, and be out of vogue when that is determined.

CLIII. MR. FORD.

If Swift, when he was in full confidence with Lord Oxford's administration, did not take sufficient pains to provide for himself according to his own wish, yet surely no man was ever more indefatigable or successful in obtaining places for his friends. This must at least be allowed a very amiable trait in his character. Notwithstanding all that has been said and written to shew that Swift had not as much influence with the ministers

ministers as he pretended, yet the facts will prove it to have been very considerable indeed. Speaking of Mr. Ford's appointment, he says, "I have made Ford gazetteer, and got two hundred pounds a year settled on the employment by the secretaries of state, besides the perquisites. It is the prettiest employment in England of its size, yet the puppy does not seem satisfied with it. I think people keep some follies to themselves, till they have occasion to produce them. He thinks it not genteel enough, and makes twenty difficulties. It is impossible to make any man easy. His salary is paid him every week, if he pleases, without taxes or abatements. He has little to do for it, and can frank what letters he will." This gentleman appears to have been one of those characters whom nothing will satisfy. He was ridiculous in more points than his objections to the situation of gazetteer, if Mrs. Pilkington is to be believed: he, however, seems still to have retained his intimacy with Swift, and visited him many

years afterwards in Ireland, where he then resided. At this period, Mrs. Pilkington thus speaks of him: "There now came in to sup with the Dean one of the oddest little mortals I ever met with; he formerly was gazetteer, and, upon the strength of being an author, and having travelled, took upon him not only to dictate to the company, but to contradict whatever any other person advanced, whether right or wrong, till he had entirely silenced them all: and then having the whole talk to himself (for to my great surprise the Dean neither interrupted nor shewed any dislike of him), he told us a whole string of improbabilities, such as "that each pillar of St. Peter's at Rome took up more ground than a convent which was near it, wherein were twelve monks, with their chapel, garden, and infirmary." So every pillar must at least have taken up half an acre, and, considering the number of them, we must conclude the edifice to have been some miles in circumference. No one present had ever been at Rome, except himself,

self, so that he might tell us just what he thought proper." And could the Dean of St. Patrick's, who hated a coxcomb to his very soul, hear all this, and be silent? *Credat Judæus.*

CLIV. DR. LLOYD, BISHOP OF WORCESTER.

This wise prelate turned prophet at ninety, and went to Queen Anne by appointment, to prove to her Majesty, out of Daniel and the Revelations, that four years hence there would be a war of religion; that the King of France would be a Protestant, and fight on their side; that the popedom would be destroyed, &c.; and declared, that he would be content to give up his bishopric, if it were not true. Swift says, "that the Lord Treasurer confounded the old fool sadly in his own hearing, which made him very quarrelsome."

CLV. DRAWING A CHARACTER.

Pope's observation is just: Swift certainly excelled at drawing a character. Pope says

in one of his letters to him: "You have a desperate hand at dashing out a character by great strokes, and, at the same time, a delicate one at fine touches. God forbid, you should draw mine, if I were conscious of any guilt: but, if I were conscious of any folly, God send it! for as nobody can detect a great fault so well as you, so nobody would so well hide a small one." Pope had ample cause for all his apprehensions on this subject.

CLVI. AN EXTEMPORE.

The following lines were written upon a very old glass of Sir Arthur Atcheson's:

"Frail glass! thou mortal art, as well as I,
Though none can tell, which of us first shall die!"

Swift wrote underneath, extempore:

We both are mortal; but thou, frailer creature,
May die, like me, by chance, but not by nature.

CLVII.

CLVII. MOTIVES TO GOOD ACTIONS.

The motives to the best actions will not bear too strict an inquiry. It is allowed, that the cause of all actions, good or bad, may be resolved into the love of ourselves; but the self-love of some men inclines them to please others, and the self-love of others is wholly employed in pleasing themselves: this makes the great distinction between virtue and vice. Religion is the best motive of all action; yet religion is allowed to be the highest instance of self-love.

CLVIII. THE PEACE OF UTRECHT.

Dr. Helvetius was sent from Paris, by Torcy, to Devenwordt, at the Hague, with *the first proposals for a peace separate with Holland;* a year after which, the preliminaries, at Gertrudenberg, were transacted by the Marquis d'Uxelles and Polignac, and afterwards Mesnager was privately dispatched to the same effect.

My Lord Strafford had the first intimation

tion of these separate transactions of France and Holland, from the Duke of Marlborough (as a thing a good while before in agitation), and afterwards from Devenwordt himself, who told him that he sent to Paris for Dr. Helvetius *to cure him of a rheumatism*, which opportunity Torcy took to negotiate by him. Swift says, that *Helvetius* since confirmed the same story to my Lord Strafford in the year 1720.

CLIX. A PASSAGE FROM SCRIPTURE, APPLIED AND SENT TO DR. SWIFT BY A QUAKER, WHEN THREE HUNDRED POUNDS WERE OFFERED FOR TAKING UP THE DRAPIER.

1 Sam. Chap. xiv. Ver. 45.

"And the people said unto Saul, shall *Jonathan* die, who hath wrought this great salvation in Israel? God forbid: as the Lord liveth there shall not one hair of his head fall to the ground; for he wrought with God this day. So the people rescued Jonathan that he died not."

CLX.

CLX. ON THE BUSTS AT THE HERMITAGE AT RICHMOND.

Among the innumerable trifles upon every occasion which Swift's fertile imagination suggested to him is the following:

Lewis, the *living learned* fed,
And rais'd the scientific head:
Our frugal Queen, to save her meat,
Exalts the *heads* that cannot *eat*.

CLXI. MEMOIRS.

Writers of memoirs and histories cannot read Swift's advice to Lord Bolingbroke, when employed on the history of his own times, too often. He says, "One reason why we have so few memoirs written by principal actors is, because much familiarity with great affairs makes men value them too little; yet such persons will read Tacitus and Commenes with wonderful delight. Two things should therefore be attended to by writers of memoirs; first, not to omit any

any passage because they happen to think it of little moment; and secondly, to recollect that they write to an ignorant world, and not to suppose the reader to be only of the present age, or to live within ten miles of London. There is nothing more vexing in old historians than their leaving one in the dark in some passages, which they suppose every one to know. It is this laziness, pride, or incapacity of great men, that has given way to the impertinence of the French nation to pester us with memoirs, full of the trifling and romance. Let a Frenchman talk twice to a minister of state, and he desires no more to furnish out a volume."

CLXII. PRIOR'S WORKS.

In 1718, Prior published his works by subscription, on which occasion Swift was particularly assiduous in procuring him a very numerous list of subscribers in Ireland. Upon the back of one of Prior's letters to him on the subject the Dean has written, "*Levanda est enim paupertas eorum hominum, qui*

qui diu reipublicæ viventes, pauperes sunt et nullorum magis."

CLXIII. LAW.

Law in a free country is, or ought to be, the determination of the majority of those who have property in land.

CLXIV. MEAN AND GREAT FIGURES MADE BY SEVERAL PERSONS.

Of those who have made GREAT FIGURES in some particular action or circumstance of their lives.

Alexander the Great, after his victory (at the straits of Mount Taurus), when he entered the tent where the Queen and Princesses of *Persia* fell at his feet.

Socrates, the whole last day of his life, and particularly from the time he took the poison, to the moment he expired.

Cicero, when he was recalled from his banishment; the people through every place he passed meeting him with shouts of joy and

and congratulation, and all Rome coming out to receive him.

Regulus, when he went out of Rome, attended by his friends to the gates, and returned to Carthage according to his word of honour, although he knew he must be put to a cruel death, for advising the Romans to pursue their war with the commonwealth.

Scipio the elder, when he dismissed a beautiful captive lady presented to him after a great victory, turning his head aside to preserve his own virtue.*

The same Scipio, when he and Hannibal met before the battle.

Cincinnatus, when the messengers sent by the Senate to make him *Dictator* found him at the plough.

Epaminondas, when the Persian ambassador came to his house, and found him in the midst of his poverty.

The Earl of Strafford, on the day that he made his own defence at his trial.

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* Scipio et Juvenis, et Cælebs, et Victor!

King

King Charles, during his whole trial, and at his death.

The Black Prince, when he waited at supper on the King of France, whom he had conquered and taken prisoner on the same day.

Virgil, when at Rome: the whole audience rose up out of veneration when he entered the theatre.

Mahomet the Great, when he cut off his beloved mistress's head, on a stage erected for that purpose, to convince his soldiers, who taxed him for preferring his love to his glory.

Cromwell, when he quelled a mutiny in Hyde Park.

Harry the Great of France, when he entered Paris, and sat at cards the same night with some great ladies, who were his mortal enemies.

Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, at his trial.

Cato of Utica, when he provided for the safety of his friends, and determined to die.

Sir

Sir Thomas More, during his imprisonment, and at his execution.

Marius, when the soldier, sent to kill him in the dungeon, was struck with so much awe and veneration that the sword fell from his hand.

DOUGLASS, when the ship he commanded was on fire, and he lay down to die in it, because it should not be said, that one of his family ever quitted their post.

Of those who have made A MEAN AND CONTEMPTIBLE FIGURE, in some action or circumstance of their lives.

Antony, at Actium, when he fled after Cleopatra.

Pompey, when he was killed on the sea shore in Egypt.

Nero and *Vitellius*, when they were put to death.

Lepidus, when he was compelled to lay down his share in the triumvirate.

Cromwell, the day he refused the kingship out of fear.

Perseus,

Perseus, King of Macedon, when he was led in triumph.

Richard the Second of England, after he was deposed.

The late King of Poland, when the King of Sweden forced him to give up his kingdom; and when he took it again upon the King of Sweden's defeat by the *Muscovites.*

King James the Second of England, when the Prince of Orange sent to him at midnight to leave London.

King William the Third of England, when he sent to the House of Commons to continue his Dutch guards, and was refused.

The late Queen Anne of England, when she sent Whitworth to Muscovy, on an embassy of humiliation, for an insult committed here on that prince's ambassador.

The Lord Chancellor Bacon, when he was convicted of bribery.

The late Duke of Marlborough, when he was forced, after his own disgrace, to carry his Duchess's gold key to the Queen.

The old Earl of Pembroke, when a Scotch

Lord gave him a lash with a whip at Newmarket, in the presence of all the nobility, and he bore it with patience.

King Charles the Second of England, when he entered into the second Dutch war; and in many other actions during his whole reign.

Philip the Second of Spain, after the defeat of the Armada.

The Emperor Charles the Fifth, when he resigned his crown, and nobody would believe his reasons.

King Charles the First of England, when, in gallantry to his Queen, he thought to surprise her with a present of a diamond buckle, which he pushed down her breast, and tore her flesh with the tongue; upon which she drew it out, and flung it on the ground.

Fairfax, the Parliament General, at the time of King Charles's trial.

Julius Cæsar, when Antony offered to put a diadem on his head, and the people shouted for joy to see him decline it; which he

he never offered to do until he saw their dislike in their countenances.

Coriolanus, when he withdrew his army from Rome at the request of his mother.

Hannibal, at Antiochus's court.

Beau Fielding, at fifty years old, when, in a quarrel upon the stage, he was run into his breast, which he opened and shewed to the ladies, that he might move their love and pity; but they all fell a laughing.

The Count de Bussy Rabutin, when he was recalled to court, after twenty years banishment into the country, and affected to make the same figure as he did in his youth.

The Earl of Sunderland, when he turned papist in the time of King James the Second, and underwent all the forms of a heretic converted.

Pope Clement the Seventh, when he was taken prisoner at Rome by the Emperor Charles the Fifth's forces.

Queen Mary of Scotland, when she suffered Bothwell to ravish her, and pleaded that as an excuse for marrying him.

King John of England, when he gave up his kingdom to the Pope, to be held as a fief to the see of Rome.

CLXV. CONVENTS.

The institution of convents abroad seems, in one point, a strain of great wisdom, there being few irregularities in human passions, that may not have recourse to vent themselves in some of those orders, which are so many retreats for the speculative, the melancholy, the proud, the silent, the politic, and the morose, to spend their lives, and evaporate the obnoxious particles; "for each of whom, in England," says Swift forcibly, "we are forced to provide a several sect of religion to keep them quiet."

CLXVI. CHOICE OF SUBJECT.

"What other subject through all art or nature could have produced *Tindal* for a profound author, or furnished him with readers? It is the wise choice of the subject that alone adorns and distinguishes the writer."

writer." The truth of this observation is evinced exactly in proportion to the extent in which it is tried.

CLXVII. DEAN SWIFT TO MR. POPE.

This was addressed to him while he was writing the DUNCIAD.

Pope has the talent well to speak,
But not to reach the ear;
His loudest voice is low and weak,
The *Dean* too deaf to hear.

Awhile they on each other look,
Then diff'rent studies chuse;
The *Dean* sits plodding on a book,
Pope walks, and courts the muse.

Now *backs* * *of letters*, though design'd
For those who more will need 'em,
Are fill'd with hints, and interlin'd,
Himself can hardly read 'em.

* "*Paper-sparing Pope.*"

Each atom by some other struck
All turns and motions tries:
Till, in a lump together stuck,
Behold a *poem* rise!

Yet to the *Dean* his share * allot,
He claims it by a canon;
That without which a thing is not,
Is, *causa sine quâ non.*

Thus, *Pope*, in vain you boast your wit;
For, had our deaf divine
Been for your conversation fit,
You had not writ a line.†

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* Pope says, in a letter to Swift, dated 12th November 1728, "The inscription to the Dunciad is now printed, and inserted in the poem. Do you care I should say any thing farther how much that poem is yours, since certainly *without you*, it had never been?"

† Pope gives a polite turn to this in a letter to Dr. Sheridan. "I have been slandered by the dunces, together with my friend the Dean, who is properly the author of the Dunciad: it had never been written but at his request, and for his deafness; for had he been able to converse with me, do you think I should have amused my time so ill?"

CLXVIII. MEMOIRS OF MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

Mr. Pope, Dr. Arbuthnot, and Dean Swift, had projected to write a satire, in conjunction, *On the Abuses of Human Learning*. They proposed to do it in the manner of *Cervantes*: but the separation of these friends, which soon after happened, by the death of Dr. Arbuthnot, and the growing infirmities of the Dean, put a final stop to the project. The first book only of *The Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus* was finished.* *Dr. Warburton* observes, that "polite letters never lost more than in the defeat of this scheme, in which each of this illustrious triumvirate would have found exercise for his own peculiar talent, besides constant employment, for that they all had in common. Dr. Arbuthnot was skilled in every thing that related to *science*, Mr. Pope was a master in the *fine arts*, and *Swift* excelled in the *knowledge of the world*. *Wit* they

* See 3d vol. Miscellanies.

had all in equal measure, and this so large, that no age, perhaps, ever produced three men to whom nature had more bountifully bestowed it, or art brought it to higher perfection."

CLXIX. MADNESS OF THE PEOPLE.

The *raging of the sea, and the madness of the people*, are put together in holy writ: and it is God alone who can say to either, "*Hitherto shalt thou pass, and no farther.*"

CLXX. BALANCE OF POWER IN A LIMITED STATE.

The balance of power in a limited state is of such absolute necessity, that Cromwell himself, before he had perfectly confirmed his tyranny, having some occasions for the appearance of a Parliament, was forced to create and erect an entire new House of Lords (such as it was) for a counterpoise to the Commons: and indeed, considering the vileness of the clay, I have sometimes wondered that no tribune of that age durst ever venture

venture to ask the potter, *what dost thou make?* But it was then about the last act of popular usurpation, and *fate*, or *Cromwell*, had already prepared them for another person.

CLXXI. PUBLIC CONVENTIONS.

Public conventions are liable to all the infirmities, follies, and vices of private men.

CLXXII. MAN PRONE TO IMITATION.

"Man is so apt to imitate; so much of the nature of the sheep *(imitatores servum pecus)* that whoever is so bold to give the first great leap over the heads of those about him, though he be the worst of the flock, shall be quickly followed by the rest." This age of revolutions has not left this maxim without examples.

CLXXIII. BLINDNESS.

Blindness is an addition to courage by concealing dangers from us.

CLXXIV.

CLXXIV. DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE CONDUCT OF THE SAME PERSON IN PUBLIC AND PRIVATE LIFE.

Swift's powers of description, and deep knowledge of the world, are strongly displayed on this head. He says, "I think there is hardly to be found through all nature a greater difference between two things, than there is between a representing commoner in his function of *public calling*, and the same person when he acts in the common offices of life. Here he allows himself to be upon a level with the rest of mortals: here he follows his own reason, and his own way; and rather affects a singularity in his actions and thoughts, than servilely to copy either from the wisest of his neighbours. In short, here his folly and his wisdom, his reason and his passions, are all of his own growth, not the echo or infusion of other men. But, when he is got near the walls of his assembly, he assumes and affects an entire set of very different airs; he conceives himself

himself a being of a superior nature to those *without*, and acting in a sphere where the vulgar methods for the conduct of human life can be of no use. He is listed in a party where he neither knows the temper, nor designs, nor, perhaps, the person of his leader; but whose opinions he follows and maintains with a zeal and faith as violent as a young scholar does that of a philosopher, whose sect he is taught to profess. He hath neither opinions, nor thoughts, nor action, nor talk, that he can call his own; but all conveyed to him by his leader, as wind is through an organ. Thus instructed, he follows the party, right or wrong, through all its sentiments, and acquires a courage and stiffness of opinion not at all congenial with him."

CLXXV. VOYAGES TO LILLIPUT, BROBDINGNAB, LAPUTA, &c.

These voyages were intended as a moral political romance; to correct vice, by shewing its deformity, in opposition to the beauty of

of virtue; and to amend the false systems of philosophy, by pointing out the errors, and applying salutary means to avoid them.

CLXXVI. COURAGE NEVER AN OBJECT OF CONTEMPT.

It has been remarked, that courage, in whatever cause, though it sometimes excites indignation, is never the object of contempt; but this appears to be true only because courage is supposed to imply superiority.

CLXXVII. HEROISM NOT PROOF AGAINST RIDICULE.

As heroism itself is not proof against ridicule, those surely are Lilliputians in philosophy, who consider ridicule as the test of truth.

CLXXVIII. REPROOF OF HUMAN PRIDE.

The masculine strength of features in the Lilliputians, which Gulliver could not see till he laid his face upon the ground, and the awful inferiority of stature in a being whom

whom he held in his hand; the helmet, the plume, and the sword, were intended as a reproof of human pride, the objects of which are trifling distinctions, whether of person or rank; the ridiculous parade and ostentation of a pigmy; which derive not only their origin, but their use, from the folly, weakness, and imperfection of ourselves and others.

CLXXIX. TRAVELLERS' OPINIONS.

To expose the probable fallacy of opinions derived from the relations of travellers, it is only necessary to shew how little truth need be misunderstood to make falsehood specious.

CLXXX. MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL EXCELLENCE.

A right to judge of moral and intellectual excellence is frequently, with great absurdity, arrogated by him who admires in a being six feet high any qualities that he despises in one whose stature does not exceed six inches.

CLXXXI. SERVICES TO PRINCES.

The greatest services to princes are of little weight, when put into the balance with a refusal to gratify their passions.

CLXXXII. FRAUD.

Fraud is a greater crime than *theft*, and therefore should be punished with death; for care and vigilance, with a very common understanding, may preserve a man's goods from thieves; but honesty has no fence against superior cunning: and since it is necessary that there should be a perpetual intercourse of buying and selling, and dealing upon credit; where fraud is permitted, or connived at, or hath no law to punish it, the honest dealer is always undone, and the knave gets the advantage.

CLXXXIII. PERSONS FIT FOR EMPLOYMENT.

In choosing persons for all employments we should have more regard to good morals than to great abilities; for since government

is

is necessary to mankind, the common size of understandings must be fitted to some station or other, for Providence never intended to make the management of public affairs a mystery comprehended only by a few persons of sublime genius, of which there seldom are three born in an age: but *truth*, *justice*, *temperance*, and the like, are in every man's power, the practice of which virtues, assisted by experience and good intention, will qualify any man for the service of his country, except where a course of study is required: and the want of moral virtue is so far from being supplied by superior endowments of the mind, that employments should never be put into the hands of persons so qualified; and at least the mistakes committed by ignorance in a virtuous disposition can never be of such fatal consequence to the public weal, as the practices of a man whose inclinations lead him to be corrupt, and who has great abilities to manage, to multiply, and defend his corruption.

CLXXXIV.

CLXXXIV. INGRATITUDE.

Ingratitude should be a capital crime, for in some countries they reason thus, that whoever makes ill returns to his benefactor must needs be a common enemy to the rest of mankind, from whom he hath received no obligation, and therefore such a man is not fit to live.

CLXXXV. THE STAGE.

Our English poets never suffered a criminal amour to succeed upon the stage until the reign of Charles the Second, since which time, the alderman is regularly made the cuckold, the deluded virgin is debauched, and adultery and fornication are supposed to be committed behind the scenes as a part of the action.

CLXXXVI. THE BALANCE OF EUROPE.

Now Europe's balanc'd; neither side prevails;
For nothing's left in either of the scales.

CLXXXVII. A PROJECTOR.

When Swift was at Holyhead waiting for a fair wind to sail for Ireland, one Weldon, an old seafaring man, sent him a letter, that he had found out the longitude, and would convince him of it; to which the Dean answered in writing, that if he had found it out, he must apply to the Lords of the Admiralty, of whom, perhaps, one might be found who knew something of navigation, of which he was totally ignorant; and that he never knew but two projectors, one of whom (meaning his uncle Godwin) ruined himself and family, and the other hanged himself; and desired him to desist, lest one or other might happen to him.

CLXXXVIII. THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

Swift says in a letter to Gay, "When my Lord Peterborough, in the Queen's time, went abroad upon his embassies, the ministry told me, that he was such a vagrant, they were forced to write at him by

guess, because they knew not where to write to him." This occasioned him to write the following lines, which are admirably characteristic of this singular man:

Mordanto fills the trump of fame,
The Christian world his deeds proclaim,
And prints are crowded with his name.

In journies he outrides the post,
Sits up till midnight with his host,
Talks politics, and gives the toast.

Knows ev'ry prince in Europe's face,
Flies like a squib from place to place,
And travels not, but runs a race.

From Paris gazette *a la main*;
—This day arriv'd, without his train,
Mordanto in a week from Spain.

A messenger comes all a-reek,
Mordanto at Madrid to seek:
—He left the town about a week.

Next day the post-boy winds his horn,
And rides through Dover in the morn:
Mordanto's landed from Leghorn.

Mordanto gallops on alone,
The roads are with his foll'wers strown,
This breaks a girth, and that a bone:

His body active as his mind,
Returning sound in limb and wind,
Except some leather lost behind.

A skeleton in outward figure,
His meagre corps, though full of vigour,
Would halt behind him, were it bigger.

So wonderful his expedition,
When you have not the least suspicion,
He's with you like an apparition.

Shines in all climates like a star;
In senates bold, and fierce in war,
A land commander, and a tar.

Heroic actions early bred in,
Ne'er to be match'd in modern reading,
But by his namesake *Charles of Sweden.*

CLXXXIX. THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

Swift's suggestions in his letter to Mr. Gay would have been a great improvement, but unfortunately came too late. He says, "I did not understand that the scene of Locket and Peachum's quarrel was an imitation of one between Brutus and Cassius. I wish Macheath, when he was going to be hanged, had imitated Alexander the Great when he was dying: I would have had his fellow-rogues desire his commands about a successor, and he to answer, "*Let it be the most worthy,*" &c."

CXC. INCREASE OF BOOKS AND LAWS.

"If books and laws continue to increase as they have done for fifty years past, I am in some concern for future ages; how any man will be learned, or any man a lawyer."

Such

Such was the opinion of Swift at the commencement of the last century, and yet laws and books continue to increase in rapid progression; but the consequences he foresaw have not followed.

CXCI. A HAPPY QUOTATION.

When Lord Halifax, on the first change of the ministry, interceded with Lord Oxford to spare Mr. Congreve, he finely answered by repeating two lines of Virgil:

Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectora pœni,
Nec tam aversus equos Tyriâ Sol jungit ab urbe.

"Our hearts are not so cold, nor flames the fire
Of Sol so distant from the race of Tyre."

CXCII. WIT IN A WOMAN.

A very little wit is valued in a woman; as we are pleased with a few words spoken plain by a parrot.

CXCIII. A WOMAN'S HATRED.

No woman ever hates a man for being in love with her, but many a woman hates a man for being a friend to her.

CXCIV. DR. SHERIDAN'S SCHOOL.

It was customary with Dr. Sheridan to have a Greek play acted by his head class just before they entered the University; and accordingly, in the year 1720, the Doctor having fixed on *Hippolytus*, wrote a prologue in English, to be spoken by Master Tom Putland, one of the youngest children he had in his school. The prologue was very neat and elegant, but extremely puerile, and quite adapted to the childhood of the speaker, who as regularly was taught and rehearsed his part, as any of the upper lads did theirs. However, it unfortunately happened that Dr. King, Archbishop of Dublin, had promised Sheridan that he would go and see his lads perform the tragedy.

Upon

Upon which Dr. Helsham wrote another prologue, wherein he laughed egregiously at Sheridan's, and privately instructed Master Putland how to act his part; and, at the same time, exacted a promise from the child, that no consideration should make him repeat that prologue which he had been taught by Sheridan. When the play was to be acted, the Archbishop attended according to his promise, and Master Putland began Helsham's prologue, and went through it, to the amazement of Sheridan; which fired him to such a degree (although he was one of the best natured men in the world) that he would have entirely put off the play, had it not been in respect to the Archbishop, who was, indeed, highly complimented in Helsham's performance. When the play was over, the Archbishop was very desirous to hear Sheridan's prologue, but all the intreaties of the Archbishop, the child's father, and Sheridan, could not prevail with Master Putland to repeat it, having, he said, faithfully promised that he would not upon

any account whatever, and therefore insisted that he would keep his word.

It was to this circumstance that Swift, in a vein of whim and merriment, alludes, in his *invitation to Dr. Sheridan* to spend the August vacation at Gallstown, the seat of George Rochfort, Esq. ancestor to the Earls of Belvidere, in these two lines :

" Oh ! I forgot too, I believe there may be
one more, I mean that great fat joker,
Friend Helsham, he
That wrote the prologue, and, if you stay
with him, depend on't in the end he'll
sham ye."

CXCV. A CRITIC'S EYE.

The eye of a critic is often, like a microscope, made so very fine and nice, that it discovers the atoms, grains, and minutest particles, without ever comprehending the whole, comparing the parts, or seeing all at once the harmony.

CXCVI. KNAVERY IN MINISTERS.

"Notwithstanding the common complaint of knavery of men in power, I have known no great minister or men of parts in business so wicked as their inferiors; their sense and knowledge preserve them from a hundred common rogueries; and when they become bad, it is generally more from the necessity of their situation, than from a natural bent to evil." Swift was certainly well qualified to judge on this subject.

CXCVII. FITS OF PLEASURE.

All fits of pleasure are balanced by an equal degree of pain or languor: it is like spending this year part of next year's revenue.

CXCVIII. TRUE GENIUS.

When a true genius appears in the world you may know him by this sign; the dunces are all in confederacy against him.

CXCIX.

CXCIX. ASKING A CLERGYMAN TO DINNER.

Never stay dinner for a clergyman who is to make a morning visit before he comes, for he will think it his duty to dine with any great man that asks him.

CC. DR. HIGGINS.

Higgins was prebendary of Christ Church, Dublin, and rector of Balruddery in that county. He was notorious for his zeal for high church principles, and was presented by the grand jury of the county of Dublin, on the 5th October 1711, as a sower of sedition and groundless jealousies amongst her Majesty's Protestant subjects; and on the 10th of the same month, Henry Lord Santry presented a petition to the Lord Lieutenant and Privy Council of Ireland, desiring that Mr. Higgins might be turned out from the commission of the peace: but, after several hearings of the case before the Lord Lieutenant and Council, he was on the

the 19th November cleared, the Archbishop of Dublin voting in the negative against him.

Mr. Faulknor, the publisher of Swift's works in Ireland, in a conversation with Dr. Birch, told him, that the Dean had often called at an upholsterer's in Ormond Quay, to order some rubbish lying before his door to be removed, but without being obeyed for many days, which brought him in great choler to the house, where he warmly expostulated with the woman, and concluded, "Do you know, woman, who I am?" "Yes, please your reverence," she replied; "you are Dr. Higgins." Higgins being very noisy, was in contempt called Orator Higgins, and, of all men, the Dean's aversion. It was observed to the end of his life, that he avoided that street in his daily walks through the town, though lying on a beautiful quay, and having a number of orange and apple stalls on it, the police of which until that time was his peculiar care, and which he daily regulated.

CCI. END OF A WISE MAN'S LIFE.

The latter part of a wise man's life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices, and false opinions, he had contracted in the former.

CCII. SWIFT'S AVERSION TO IRELAND.

Dr. Birch, in his manuscripts concerning Swift, has this memorandum, which strongly proves the feelings of the latter in his then situation: "The reverend Mr. Orr, Archdeacon of Ferns, gave me an account of a letter of Swift's, which has never been published, to Lord Bolingbroke. It was dated in July 1713, from his living of Laracor, complaining of his being left by his friends in Ireland, and telling his Lordship that he should remind him of David's prayer, which the Lord Treasurer would direct him to the psalm and verse for, "Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell?" That when he returned to England, he would certainly petition the Queen for the thousand pounds she had promised

promised him, for that she ought to pay him that thousand pounds or hang him, for he had deserved either the one or the other."

CCIII. SENECA.

Seneca must be read with pleasure, though one cannot avoid condemning those points which he introduced into the Latin style, those eternal witticisms, strung like beads together, and that impudent manner of talking to the passions, before he has gone about to convince the judgment; which Erasmus justly objects to him: he is seldom instructive, but perpetually entertaining; and when he gives you no new idea, he reflects your own back upon you with new lustre.

CCIV. DESIRE OF FAME.

The humour of exploding many things under the name of trifles, fopperies, and only imaginary goods, is a very false proof either of wisdom or magnanimity, and a great

great check to virtuous actions: for instance, with regard to fame, there is in most people a reluctance and unwillingness to be forgotten; we observe, even amongst the vulgar, how fond they are to have an inscription over their grave. It requires but little philosophy to discover and observe that there is no intrinsic value in all this; however, if it be founded in our nature as an incitement to virtue, it ought not to be ridiculed.

CCV. ARBITRARY POWER.

Arbitrary power is as natural an object of temptation to a prince, as wine and women to a young fellow, or a bribe to a judge, or avarice to old age, or vanity to a woman.

CCVI. TOM ASHE.

Tom Ashe was a facetious pleasant companion, but the most eternal unwearied punster that ever lived. He was thick and short in his person, being not above five feet high at the most, and had something very droll in his appearance. He died about the year 1719,

1719, and left his whole estate, about a thousand pounds a year, to Richard Ashe, of Ashfield, Esq. There is a whimsical story, and a very true one, of Tom Ashe, which is well remembered to this day. It happened that while he was travelling on horseback, and at a considerable distance from any town, there burst from the clouds such a torrent of rain as wetted him through. He galloped forward, and as soon as he came to an inn, he was met instantly by a drawer: "Here," said he to the fellow, stretching out one of his arms, "take off my coat immediately." "No, Sir, I won't," said the drawer. "Pox confound you!" said Tom, "take off my coat this instant." "No, Sir," replied the drawer, "I dare not take off your coat, for it is felony to strip an ASH." Tom was delighted beyond measure, frequently told the story, and said he would have given fifty guineas to have been the author of that pun. Several years before Tom's death, Swift wrote a little tract, entitled, "*The Dying Words of Tom Ashe,*" which

which was designed to exhibit the manner in which such an eternal punster might have expressed himself on his death-bed. It is printed in his Works, vol. 10.

CCVII. COMMON FLUENCY OF SPEECH.

The common fluency of speech in many men and most women is owing to a scarcity of matter and a scarcity of words, for whoever is master of language, and hath a mind full of ideas, will be apt in speaking to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to cloath them in, and these are always ready: so people come faster out of a church when it is almost empty, than when a crowd is at the door.

CCVIII. JUDGMENT OF PRINCES IN THE DISPOSAL OF PLACES.

Princes usually make wiser choices than the servants to whom they trust for the disposal of places. "I have known a prince," says Swift, "more than once choose an able minister;

minister; but I never observed that minister to use his credit in the disposal of any employment to a person whom he thought the fittest for it. One of the greatest in this age owned and excused the matter from violence of parties, and the unreasonableness of friends."

CCIX. A LETTER GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF A PESTILENT NEIGHBOUR.

Sir,

You must give me leave to complain of a PESTILENT fellow in my neighbourhood, who is always beating MORTAR, yet I cannot find that he ever builds. In talking he uses such hard words that I want a *drugger*-man to interpret them. But all is not gold that *glisters*. *A pot he carries* to most houses where he visits. He makes his 'prentice his GALLY slave. I wish our lane were *purged* of him. Yet he pretends to be a *cordial* man. Every *spring* his shop is crowded with country-folks; who by their *leaves*, in my opinion, help him to do a great deal of

mischief. He is full of SCRUPLES, and so very LITIGIOUS, that he files bills against all his acquaintance: and, though he be much troubled with the SIMPLES, yet I assure you he is a *jesuitical dog*; as you may know by his BARK. Of all poetry he loves the DRAM-A-TICK best.

I am, &c.

CCX. MR. HARRISON.

Mr. Harrison was eminent for his genius and learning. Having been educated at Queen's College, Oxford, with Mr. Tickell, the latter, in his poem to the Lord Privy Seal on the prospect of peace, mentions his friend Harrison in these lines;

"That much-lov'd youth whom Utrecht's walls confine,
To Bristol's praises shall his Strafford's join."

He was patronized and introduced to the ministry by Swift, who obtained for him the post of Queen's secretary to the Dutch embassy, and he accordingly brought over the barrier treaty: soon after which he died.

His

His loss seems to have affected Swift very deeply. Nothing can convey more strongly the feeling of unalloyed and poignant grief than his expressions in a letter to Mrs. Dingley. He says, "I took Parnell this morning, and we walked to see poor Harrison. I told you he had been mighty ill. I told Parnell I was afraid to knock at the door: my mind misgave me. I did knock, and his man in tears told me his master was dead an hour before. Think what grief this is to me. He was my own creature; in a very honourable post, and very worthy of it. The Lord Treasurer was much concerned when I told him. I could not dine with him, or any where else, but got a bit of meat towards the evening. No loss ever grieved me so much. Poor creature! I shall never have courage again to care for making any body's fortune."

CCXI. MR. BENSON.

This gentleman was the author of the Examiner. Swift says of him, "He is an

ingenious fellow, but the most confounded coxcomb in the world, so that I dare not let him see me, nor be acquainted with him."

CCXII. COLONEL DISNEY.

Colonel Disney was long familiar with persons of the highest rank on account of his wit and pleasantry. He used to say of himself, that his lot in the company which he generally kept, was to sit *next the door in winter*, and *next to the fire in summer*. Swift, in his Journal to Stella, speaks of him in a manner expressive of regard peculiar to himself: "The doctors tell me, that if poor Colonel Disney does not get some sleep to-night, he must die. What care you? Ah! but *I* do care. He is one of our society, a fellow of abundance of humour, an old battered rake, but very honest. Not an old man, but an old rake. It was he that said of *Jenny Kingdom*, the maid of honour, who is a little old, that since she could not get a husband, the Queen should give her a brevet to act as a married woman."

CCXIII.

CCXIII. CHAUCER.

We have already mentioned, that the works of the venerable father of English poetry formed part of the select library of the curate of Laracor. Swift seems at this time to have studied Chaucer with much attention, for a selection of a great number of epithets in alphabetical order, with references, and the following curious article, were lately in the possession of the Rev. Mr. Ball, a clergyman in Dublin:

"*Ancient English Oaths in Chaucer.*

"A master outlaw, swears by God's rood.
A merchant, by St. Thomas of Ind.
The Saupnour, by God's arms two.
The Host, by cock's bones, by his father's soul, the blood and nails of Christ, by St. Damien, by St. Runion, by Corpus Domini, by arms, blood and bone, and by St. Paul's bell.
The Monk, by his posthose or breviary, by God and St. Martin.

Gamelyn's Brother, by St. Richere that is in Galis.

The Cambridge Scholar, by his father's kin, by his crown, for God's bones or benison, and by St. Cuthbert.

Sir Thopas, by ale and bread.

Sir Johan of Boundis, by St. Martin.

Gamelyn, by God's booke, by his hals or neck.

A porter, by God's beard.

The man of law, Depardeux.

The Riottour, by God's digne bones.

Arcite, by his pan or head.

Theseus, by mighty Mars the red, as he was a true Knight.

The Smith, by Christ's foot.

The Carpenter's Wife, by St. Thomas of Kent."

CCXIV. LINES WRITTEN ON A WINDOW IN THE EPISCOPAL PALACE AT KILMORE.

Soon after Swift's acquaintance with Dr. Sheridan, they passed some days together at the episcopal palace in the diocese of Kilmore;

more: when Swift was gone, it was discovered that he had written the following lines on one of the windows, which looks into the church-yard:

Resolve me this, ye happy dead,
Who've lain some hundred years in bed;
From every persecution free
That in this wretched life we see;
Would ye resume a second birth,
And choose once more to live on earth?

Dr. Sheridan wrote underneath the following lines:

Thus spoke great Bedel * from his tomb;
—'Mortal, I would not change my doom,
To live in such a restless state,
To be unfortunately great,
To flatter fools and spurn at knaves,
To shine amidst a race of slaves;
To learn from wise men to complain,
And only rise to fall again:

* Bishop Bedel's tomb lies within view of the window.

—No! let my dusty relics rest,
Until I rise among the blest.'

In the year 1780, the late Archdeacon Caulfield wrote some lines in answer to both. The pane was taken down by Dr. Jones, Bishop of Kilmore, but it has been since restored.

CCXV. THE BATTLE OF THE BOOKS.

A copy of this ingenious sally of Swift's happened to fall into the hands of Mr. James Stirling, a youthful poet of the county of Meath, who wrote the following lines in one of the blank leaves:

" While the *Dean* with more wit than man ever wanted,
Or than heav'n to any man else ever granted,
Endeavours to prove, how the ancients in knowledge
Have excell'd our adepts of each *modern* college;

How

How by heroes of old our chiefs are surpass'd
In each useful science, true learning, and taste:
While thus he behaves, with more courage than manners,
And fights for the foe, deserting our banners.
While *Bentley* and *Wotton*, our champions, he foils;
And wants neither *Temple's* assistance, nor *Boyle's*;
In spite of his learning, fine reasons, and style,
—Would you think it?—he favours our cause all the while:
We raise by his conquest our glory the higher,
And from our defeat to a triumph aspire:
Our great *brother-modern*, the *boast* of our days,
Unconscious, has gain'd for our party the bays:
St. James's old authors, so fam'd on each shelf,
Are vanquish'd by what he has written himself."

CCXVI. DOCTOR CLANCY.

In 1737, Doctor Clancy lost his sight by a cold, which rendered him incapable of attending to his profession as a physician. As the Doctor had paid his addresses to the muses in his earlier days, he was advised by some friends to launch out amongst the adventurous rovers of the pen; and, as he thought the theatre at this time was open to all, and influenced by none, his first attempt was in the dramatic line. Flushed with the hope of immediate fame, and even money, he composed a comedy in a short time, and thought, good easy man, when he had wound up the *denouement* of his piece, that all his labour was at an end: he found to his cost, however, that every avenue to the theatre in those days, as well as in our own, was blocked by a set of dramatic undertakers, who were ready at any price to work by the pound, perch, or yard; and that it was as difficult to get a sight of the manager, as it would be to get a sight of the grand

grand Lama. The Doctor having detailed a number of the difficulties he was doomed to encounter in his efforts to get his piece upon the stage, relates the following circumstance, which we shall give in his own words: "On my return to Dublin I brought the play to Doctor Helsham, and conscious of his own insufficiency in matters so foreign to his way of life, I requested of him, as he was very familiar with Dean *Swift*, to put the comedy in his hands, as I judged that his approbation or dislike, after reading, would at once determine the fate of the performance. "Not I, indeed," said Doctor Helsham; "have you a mind that I should be obliged to go faster down his stairs than I went up? Shall I subject myself to be laughed at, or, perhaps, ill treated? Not I, indeed; I do not care to bring his tongue upon me. Go to Dr. *Grattan*, the Dean will probably hear from him what he would not from me." I went to Dr. Grattan, and solicited his assistance the same way. "Who, I?" said Dr. Grattan, "not I by

any

any means. What have I to do with plays? I know nothing of writing books; I should have a fine time of it, to bring such a piece of stuff before the Dean, and have it thrown in my face, or be called a blockhead for my pains: I should be glad to serve you, but find somebody else to befriend you on this occasion." Dr. Grattan's brother, minister of Saint Andrew's, happened to be present; who was pleased to say, that he would find an opportunity of laying the book on the Dean's table; and, if it was good, he would be apt to examine how it came there. The gentleman accordingly did so, and there it lay for some time, without the author's hearing one word about it. *Swift* read it, and, not knowing how the play came there, asked all his friends which of them had brought it; and none of those to whom it was known would venture to tell, as he had not declared his opinion of it. One day as Dr. Helsham saw it on his table, he took it up to look at it, and asked the Dean what it was. The Dean smiled, and told him,

him, it was a villain well painted; and that whoever had written the piece, conveyed a good moral. Doctor Helsham, who saw that he had nothing to fear, told him the author, and what he knew of him. "Tell him," said the Dean, "that in a few days I will pay him a visit." He then went into his closet, and writ the following letter, which Dr. Helsham brought with the packet mentioned in the postscript.

To Doctor Clancy.

Sir,

Some friend of mine lent me a comedy, which I was told was written by you: I read carefully, and with much pleasure, on account both of the characters and the moral. I have no interest with the people of the play-house, else I should gladly recommend it to them. I send you a small present, in such gold as will not give you trouble to change; for I much pity your loss of sight, which if it pleased God to let you enjoy, your other talents might have been your honest

honest support, and have eased you of your present confinement.

I am, Sir,
Your well-wishing friend,
And humble servant,
JONATHAN SWIFT.

Deanry House,
Christmas Day, 1737.

P. S. I know not who lent me the play; if it came from you, I will send it back to-morrow.

This letter and the packet are sealed with the head of Socrates.

The packet contained five pounds, in small pieces of gold of different kinds, of which the largest did not exceed five shillings. "A little time after," says Dr. Clancy, "I sent him a parcel of tickets; he kept but one, which he said he had paid for, and afterwards sent me two four-pound pieces for more."

CCXVII.